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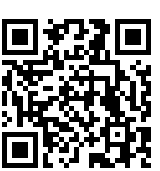

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DRUNKARDS BEWARE!

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THE

DRUNKARD'S LOOKING GLASS,

REFLECTING A FAITHFUL

LIKENESS OF THE DRUNKARD,

IN

SUNDRY VERY INTERESTING ATTITUDES,

WITH

Lively Representations of the many strange Capers which he cuts at different Stages of his Disease;

AS FIRST,

WHEN HE HAS ONLY "A DROP IN HIS EYE;"

SECOND,

WHEN HE IS "HALF SHAVED;"

THIRD,

WHEN HE IS GETTING "A LITTLE ON THE STAGGERS OR SO;"

AND FOURTH AND FIFTH, AND SO ON,

TILL HE IS "QUITE CAPSIZED;"

OR

"SNUG UNDER THE TABLE WITH THE DOGS,"

AND

CAN "STICK TO THE FLOOR WITHOUT HOLDING ON."

BY M. L. WEEMS,
Author of the Life of Washington, &c.

SIXTH EDITION, GREATLY IMPROVED.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1818.

(*Price Twenty-five Cents.*)

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DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the second day of June, in the thirty-sixth year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D 1812, Mason L. Weems, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

God's Revenge against Drunkenness; or the New Drunkard's Looking Glass: wherein the American Youth may behold a most terrific and yet most true picture of that monster Vice, which every year swallows up more precious life, property, and character of the United States, than do the French, the British, the Yellow Fever, and all our enemies (public and private) put together.

"God prosper long these noble states!"
And all therein that dwell:
And grant both church and state to join,
This monster Vice to quell.

By M. L. Weems, late Rector of General Washington's Parish.

In conformity with an act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

Golden Receipts against Drunkenness.

1. Drink no longer water, but use a *little* wine for thy stomach's sake. Also, cyder, ale, beer, &c,

2. Never fight *duels*. Nine times in ten the memory of the murdered drives the murderer to the bottle.

3. Never marry but for love. Hatred is repellent; and the husband saunters to the tavern.

4. Provide against *Old Bachelorism*. Age wants comfort, and a good wife is the second best in the universe.

5. Never stand surety for a sum that would embarrass you. And if you want, suffer a little rather than borrow, and starve than not pay; for debts and duns have filled the world with sots.

6. Hot coffee in the morning is a good cure of *dram-craving*. And a civic crown to him who will set the fashion of *coffee* at dinner.

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THE

DRUNKARD'S LOOKING GLASS.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and he that is deceived thereby is not wise. *Solomon's Proverbs.*

THE Spanish monks of St. Jago have a tradition among them which states, that the devil once appeared to a popular young preacher of their order, and offered to do great things for him—to make an archbishop of him, perhaps; or, at any rate, a cardinal; provided he would but do any one of three little peccadilloes, or *trifling sins*, that he should propose to him.

Well, which be they?

Why, 1st. Violate your sister—

2d. Murder your father—or,

3d. Only get drunk.

Struck with horror at the bare mention of the two first, the young preacher begged at once to be excused, but as to the *latter*, he saw nothing so very terrible in that.—"*I think I'll get drunk sir*," said he—"*O yes! to be sure I may venture upon that—yes, yes, I'll get drunk.*"

This was the very bait the devil wished him to snap at, and it caught him as completely as ever hook did a silly catfish: for reeling home the next night, from the tavern, fired with lust and wine, he brutally attempted his sister!

Roused by her cries, his father flew to her assistance, when the mad youth struck him a fatal blow on the head with a silver crucifix; then staggering to a bed, he sunk down in a stupor and fell asleep.

Learning, the next morning, how he had outraged his sister, and murdered his father, he hastened to his chamber and hung himself.

Now whether this tragedy was acted in Spain or in Japan; by a friar or by a fiddler, it makes no odds to us—though certain it is that it bears so clearly the image and "*superscription of Cæsar*," *i. e.* of poor *human nature*, that for my part I have no manner of doubt that it has happened a thousand and a thousand times; but, be that as it may, all that we have to do with the story is its *moral;* which in brief is this: that there is no folly, no madness ever yet committed out of Bedlam, which a drunken man is not perfectly capable of.

I shall speak of Drunkenness according to its appearance in the order of nature, i. e. a disease, plainly divisible into *three stages*.

I. The FRISKY, or FOOLISH Stage.

II. The FRANTIC, or DEMONIAC Stage.

III. The STUPID or TORPID Stage.

Now I. The FROLICKSOME or FOOLISH.

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At this stage of the disease, the patient goes by a variety of nicknames, all of them well befitting the contemptibleness of his character, such as **BOOZY—GROGGY—BLUE—DAMP—TIPSY—FUDDLED—HAILY GAILY—HOW CAME YOU SO—HALF SHAVED—SWIPY—HAS GOT A DROP IN HIS EYE—CUT—HAS GOT HIS WET SHEET ABOARD—CUT IN THE CRAW—HIGH UP TO PICKING COTTON** (Georgia.)

But tho' so different in name, 'tis the same in nature, all but *one disease* still, and by the following symptoms very easily discoverable. For while those diseases which affect only the Body, seem (in Nature's judgment) so little worth curing that the Doctor is often at a loss for their origin, and is obliged to feel the patient's pulse, make him thrust out his tongue, stare him in the eye, and ask him many, and sometimes indecent questions; this *dire* disease (Drunkenness) as warring against Soul, Body, and Estate, is compelled by Merciful Nature, to throw out its symptoms so thick and glaring, that not even a child can be at a loss, for a moment, to detect it. For, as a Farmer, who understands the nature of mushrooms, and their effects on swine, can tell at the first flash what ails his hogs, when he sees them reeling and staggering about the fields; so any man of common sense, at first sight of a fellow that's *half-shaved*, is up at once to his complaint. He does not trouble his head about asking the Fool where he has been, whether at a Funeral, or at a Wedding, a Horse-race or a Cock-fight, a Corn-husking, or a Quilting-match. He knows well enough that he has been among the mushrooms, for the symptoms of his disease are visible all over him. Every feature is a tell-tale; every grin and stare betrays him. Only look at his *eyes*, see how they twinkle!—his *cheeks*, how they swell and redden!—And,

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Oh! that eternal chatter box his *tongue!*—His head, his legs, his feet are all on the tantrums; he can't sit still, but must be upon the floor cutting his capers; he throws out his arms; snaps his fingers; and striking into a shuffle round and round the room, he goes singing and sailing with his head upon his shoulder, nodding and leering all the while, with a most disgusting simper on his face. Presently up he runs, seizes you by the hand, jerks you out upon the floor, and striking up some jig tune, sets into dancing as hard as he can, grinning all the time, and staring you in the eyes most odiously sweet. You are now in a bad box; for if you take no notice of him at all, he is sure to turn mad, and give you a confounded knock on the head. And if on the other hand, you return his loathsome compliments, he becomes ten fold loathsomer still. He seizes you round the waist, and like the drunken ape, gives you such a hug as though he would hug the very breath out of your body; and while he is poisoning you to death with his stinking breath, he continues to bawl out that you are "*a d—d clever fellow*, "and swears by his Maker, that "*he loves you like h—ll.*

If he happens to be on horseback, he is just an hundred per cent. more of a brute than before; he presents you with a living likeness of what the ancients called a CENTAUR, i. e. a Monster, half man, and half beast. He reins up his horse, cracks his whip, gives the spur, and after much rearing and prancing, dashes up along side and challenges you to *run* with him, swearing that he can beat any thing that *ever went upon four legs.* Then wo be to the Cow, Calf, or Pig, that comes in his way: instantly he gives chase after them as hard as he can drive; and if to use his own elegant language, he don't break their *d—n'd backs for them*, it must be because they are lucky enough to outrun him.

"*Hurra boys! D—n me, now you shall see fun*," exclaimed Sam, as in his SKY BLUE and GOLD LACE, with an *elegant new Gig and Horse*, he was dashing home accompanied by a squad of YOUNKERS from the house of the good Mrs. H—s and her fair daughters, where they had been jollyfying on apple toddy until they were all quite *frisky.* "*Hurra, Boys! Now you shall see fun!*" thus chuckled Sam with looks quite big with some choice mischief. His *fun*, it seems, was to run his gig full tilt over one of his father's old cows that lay in the lane which they had just entered. Many a rich bowl of milk, and cream, many a heaping plate of butter and of cheese-curds, had that poor old animal given Sam in her time. But that's all now forgotten; and Sam must have out his frolic, cost what it will; and if the violent shock of his iron-bound wheels against her crazy old ribs don't break two or three of them, at least, she is by no means to thank him for it. "*Now boys you'll see fun*," cried Sam and at the same time, gave his whip a crack. Off went his horse and gig, raising a cloud of dust along the lane. Unfortunately, the old cow was so sound asleep that she did not hear a syllable of the gig until it was close upon her. The horse, more humane than his master, would have given the old creature the *go-by;* but a

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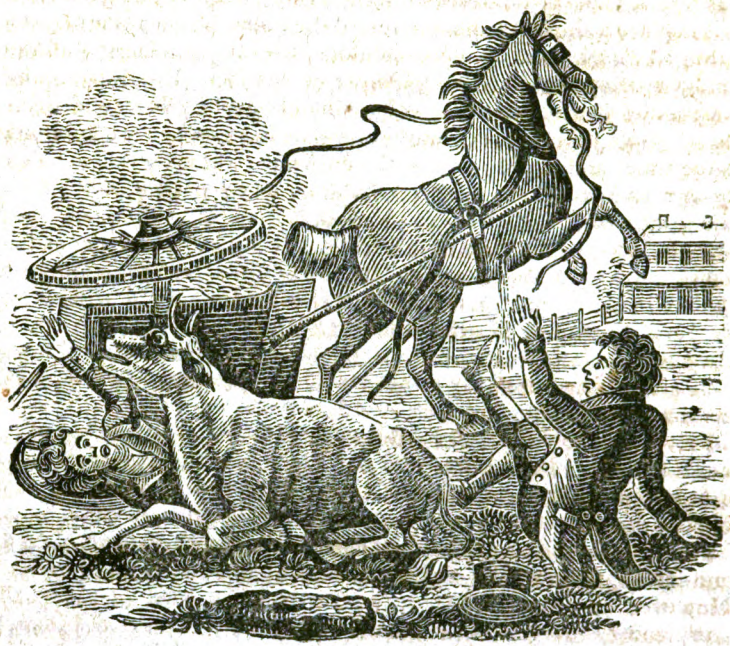
sudden jerk of the rein, turned his course right over her neck and head. In that luckless moment, just started from her sleep, and



frightened out of her seven senses, she fetched a violent leap, as from the clutches of a lion; and in that fatal leap, struck her horn up to the hub in the horses belly. Too weak to raise the horse, she herself, poor old creature, was thrown back sprawling, and bellowing on the ground; one of the wheels crossing her carcase, the gig was overset, and Sam with all his fine clothes tumbled in the dirt. The horse, though mortally wounded, and bleeding fast to death, was yet so distracted with pain and fright, that he never ceased leaping and bounding in the most furious manner, until he had completely demolished the gig. Then to finish the tragedy, he laid down, and falling into convulsions, presently expired.

But were it not for the mischief that is done, one could hardly keep from laughing at the dull pranks which the devil will sometimes put young men upon, when he can catch them together, *idle* and with their noddles full of whiskey.

Some years ago a posse of younkers, in Alexandria, some studying Physic, some studying Law, and, most studying nothing at all—mere Gentlemen at large and Retainers to folly, agreed to club for an oyster supper. Having despatched their oysters, and dismissed the shells, they gathered around the table and bravely set in to *drink*, filling up the short intervals with fragrant segars and jovial songs. midnight their youthful blood was much too hot for the nar-

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row limits of a dining room, and out they dashed into the streets for cool air and *mischief*. The next morning the whole town was in an uproar. Some families could not get out of doors, their steps were all taken away! others could not procure a drop of water for coffee, the wells were choaked up with the *steps* aforesaid, and logs of wood. *Here*, the Barbers and Bakers were cursing like troopers, because of their stolen *signs* and *poles*. And *there*, the passengers, were all wondering and giggling to see over the Lawyers' doors

"SHAVE HERE FOR A HALF-BIT,"

and over the parson's door,

"CAKES AND BEER
FOR SALE HERE."

After cutting a number of such wild capers, they came at length upon a squadron of *Carts* that were lying near one of the wharves on the river—"*dam' me boys!* cried their File-leader, "*here's fun for us! Let's chuck these Carts into the River, there'll be* OLD CURSING *here in the morning among the Car-men.*" In a moment the ill-fated Carts were all trundled over the wharf into the River. Next morning, by times, the poor Car-men came with their horses to *hitch up* and fall to their work; but the deuce of a Cart could they find. However, as *murder will out*, the Car-men got on the track of the story and were about to swinge the young fools in a court of justice. But their friends interposed, and made peace with the Car-men, by paying a good round sum, for *smart money*. I had a wealthy young relative in the scrape who told me that *his part* came to ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

CASE III. Of a Clergyman, in Virginia, who, getting "*a drop in his eye*," made himself a complete ADAMITE.

This unfortunate Levite (who had been an actor or player in early life) with the advantage of a clear, glassy voice, well broke into the canting mood, delivered so popular a sermon before a wealthy congregation, who were in want of a preacher, that they immediately subscribed a large salary and pressed him to settle among them. To the great joy of the people, he consented, and the sabbath was fixed on which he was to begin his welcome labours. But behold! the very evening before, as the devil would have it, some of his children, wicked young fellows, wishing to knock up the parson and his preaching, met him as he entered the village, and *under pretence of an oyster supper*, took him to the *tavern*, where they all got drunk: the man of God, as gay and frisky as the best among them.

After a variety of excesses, common with drunkards, such as bawling, bragging, and so on, one of the company, more bold and impudent than the rest, swore that he was the *cleverest fellow among them all!—for that he could do what none of them durst for their lives follow him in!!*

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"Done for a thousand dollars!" replied they.

Done for a thousand dollars! rejoined he, and slipping off his coat, smacked it into the fire. In a moment every man was unfrocked, and his coat in the flames. Then falling back into their chairs, like persons in transport for some glorious deed achieved they clapped their hands, and pounded the floor with their heels; while reiterated hurras shook the spacious chamber, and all the bottles, tumblers, and glasses, on the table, were made to rattle in one congratulating chorus.

"*Well now for a bumper all round.*"

A bumper all round! was re-echoed.

So a bumper was drank; and then their file-leader madman, with a thundering knock upon the table, demanded if they durst again say *done* to his next challenge.

"Yes, *done, done, done,*" was the cry of one and all.

"*Well then here's at you again,* my boys," cried he, and in went his jacket upon the fire.

In went *their's.*

Next his shoes and stockings.

Their's followed,

"*Now for your fig leaves, my boys,*" cried he, and threw in his *pantaloons.*

Hurra for the fig leaves, cried they, and threw in *their's.*

"*Naked came I out of mother's womb* ," continued he, as he cast his *shirt.*

"*And naked came we too!*" replied they, and snatching off their *body bags,* committed them to the flames.

By this time the smell and smoke of their burning clothes had spread throughout the house. The tavernkeeper and his wife leaping out of bed cried, "*fire! fire! the house is on fire.*" The tavern bells begin to ring. The servants fly in from the kitchen. The boarders and travellers all tumbling down stairs bawl out *fire! fire! fire!*

Where? Where?—in *the kitchen.*

No! not there.

Where then?

Some fly down to the cellar—some up into the garret— some to the room where our drunkards had supped. *It smells stronger and stronger!* they burst into the room, and *there* they discover the source of all their fright—the fire smothered with half burnt clothes; and the blushing fools all huddled together around it naked as they were born!

Like their father the old serpent, after the ruin of Eve, the conspirators, being chiefly boarders in the tavern, slunk each to his bed, leaving the poor parson to the tavernkeeper, who, covering his nakedness with an old great coat, led him to his chamber.

The next morning rose bright and gay, with smell of flowers, and songs of gleeful birds. And the parishoners in their sweet-scented apparel, poured forth in joyful throngs to thehouse of God, anxiously

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awaiting the preacher. But alas! no preacher ever came! covered with a shabby suit of ill-sorted garments, the scornful gifts of those who ruined him, he had early left the village accompanied with reflections—which I shall not attempt to describe.

CASE IV. *Of a young* LAWYER, who IN A DRUNKEN FROLIC, was MISERABLY NONSUITED.

Neither the friends nor the foes of American Independence, can soon forget either Thomas Paine, or his pamphlet, COMMON SENSE.

No pamphlet ever did more good; but such is the tendency of drunkenness to curse every thing it touches, that I once knew a young attorney, who, in a drunken frolic, misusing the *title* of Paine's pamphlet, was nearly ruined by it.

At a great dinner at CHRISTMAS, that holy festival when even a deist, one would think, should keep himself sober, our young Christian barrister must needs get *tipsy*—

And at his father's table too, where the wild Arab is wont to be polite, nothing would serve him but he must plague the company with *politics*. His father, a well bred old gentleman, repeatedly shook his head and knit his brow at his son's indiscretion; but all to no purpose. The young red-faced blockhead would still *spout* and *bore* the company. At length the old gentleman, in mere defence of his guests, took up the cudgels against his son, whom he pressed so hard with his arguments, that the young lawyer, finding himself *quite nonsuited*, got into a violent passion, and very indecently bawled out to his father—*why*, *God* bless me sir, I'm astonished at you! astonished that you can talk so! why, sir, if you had but COMMON SENSE, sir.

Now the son declared afterwards that he only meant Mr. Paine's pamphlet COMMON SENSE. But his father taking the thing literally, kindled into a great rage and exclaimed, "*common sense*, sirrah; have I not *common sense?* Is it thus that you requite me for all that I have done for you? get out of my house, you ungrateful villain, and never let me see your face again. I'll cut you off with a shilling."

CASE V. OF A YOUNG DOCTOR, WHO, IN A DRUNKEN FROLIC, inverted the order of his profession—making himself a PATIENT in place of a PHYSICIAN.

"*When wine's in, the wit's* OUT"—says the proverb. And if there existed on earth no other objection against drunkenness, this alone were sufficient, its natural tendency to banish from youth its greatest charm, the charm of modesty. The young man who drinks water when in company, is *seen* but not *heard*. Remembering that he is but of yesterday and knows nothing, he holds his tongue, and by prudently listening to his elders, he gains all their wisdom, without paying for it one ten thousandth part of what it often costs *them*.

But our young hydrophobist, or *water hater*, has a secret for wisdom of quite another sort. His secret is a *big-bellied bottle*. And truly if you were to judge of it by its effects on *him*, you would conclude that whiskey, instead of being simply the essence of rye, was

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a patent solution of wit: for he has but to dash up to the side board, and turn off a *four-fingered bumper* of his beloved helicon, and straightway the young Tony Lumpkin becomes Sir Solomon the wit.

Such exactly was the character of young doctor Cathartic, of Md. This gentleman pretended to have studied Physic; but his reading was chiefly confined to doctor Brown, of Edinburgh, and to him only, because he advocated the STHENIC, or *hard drinking system.* Of this system our doctor was so fond that he seldom ever came into company without being *half-shaved;* and then he was sure to pester and bore them all with his eternal vociferations.

At a public dinner, where he appeared, as usual, with a red *face* and *wet eye*, the doctor had the misfortune to sit directly opposite to a young merchant, who also being *half-shaved*, must needs pass for as clever a fellow as the doctor himself. A sharp sparring, of course, soon commenced between them.

At length, to overwhelm and dumb-found his antagonist at once, the doctor, just from France, boldly called out to him across the table, "*parlez vous Francois, monsieur!*" To which the other, with great smartness, replied, "*oui monkey.*" Now whether the company was tickled with the reply, because of some resemblance between the *doctor's* ridiculous manners, and those of a *monkey*, I know not; but certain it is, they all broke out into a most immoderate laugh. Perceiving himself to be the subject of their mirth, the poor doctor turned quite black in the face with passion; and bouncing from the table retired to another room, and sent for his hated rival. A dialogue ensued of the same rude and irritating nature, with what had passed at the table, and which soon ended in a *challenge.*

The next morning, with hearts full charged with F. F. Slings, they came upon the ground, and there *swelled*, and *strutted*, and *crowed*, as if, like Cæsar and Pompey, they were soon to fill the world with the eclat of their duel!!! At length, when they came to touch the triggers of their shooting irons, the doctor had the extreme good luck to drive a bullet through the ancle of his antagonist, which made a cripple of him for life; while the other, in return, had the equal transport to smack a slug through the mouth of the doctor, which dismounted five of his grinders, and left a frightful scar that marred his beauty forever.

According to report of our best travellers, the tiger, that has once got a taste of *human flesh*, looks on it as such *nice eating*, that he never afterwards cares for any other. Not but that rather than be doing no mischief at all he is always ready to gratify his natural rage upon any animal that comes in his way, though he is but a wild ass —but still, man's his favourite mark, and in *his* blood he riots with peculiar delight. Exactly so it is with the *devil*, whose hate towards mankind is so hellish, that, as our Saviour tells us, he longs FOR nothing so much as to "*grind them to powder.*" But still, like the tiger, rather than be doing them no harm at all, he is always glad to get young men to *drinking*, if it be only, as we have seen, that they may break their gigs, burn their clothes, sweat their purses, grieve

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their friends, and knock out each other's teeth. But though he is well pleased with such *petty larceny* cruelty among young men, and will gladly bring them to *this*, when he can do them no *worse*, yet his chief delight is to see them—*blow out each other's brains ! !*

Aye, that's his grand *aim!*—that's the thing to make a holiday in hell, and to set all the infernal bells a ringing.

And next to this, 'tis his, "*Broadest grin*," to see them round the bacchanalian board, embanked in clouds of intoxicating segars, and shouting their riotous *hob nobs* over bumpers of more intoxicating grog. Can a man put fire to gunpowder, and not make an explosion? then how, without danger, can youthful blood and fire-born whiskey come into contact? For what with the gunpowder qualities in their own spirits, and the equally inflammable qualites in the spirit of Rye, a flame breaks forth which (like fire touching the cords on a Sampson's arms) instantly dissolves the bands of prudence, and lets loose the infuriate youth to deeds of violence and murder.

What reader is there so young, who has not heard of many an awful case illustrative of these remarks?

Perhaps he may take an interest in the following mournful story of young John Dermot.

The kingdom of Ireland, famed for handsome and sprightly youth, has seldom sent forth a young gentleman of a finer mind, in a fairer form, than Mr. Dermot. Nor was ever a young stranger more idolized than he was, by the youth of Petersburg, who followed him in crowds, to hear the magic of his wit, and the music of his tongue. But ah! what avail all the advantages of genius and education, if unguarded by the virtues of sobriety! For lack of these what countless thousands, who, in the splendour of their morning talents, had promised long days of glorious shining to the world, have been suddenly snatched from their orbits by the ruthless hand of Drunkenness, and quenched in total darkness for ever!

This was awfully illustrated in the early fate of Mr. Dermot.

The prologue of his tragedy was laid at a public dinner, in Petersburg. Mr. Dermot sat at the head of the table; the fond partialities of the company had placed him, though a foreigner, in that seat of honour. Besides this peculiar call on Mr. Dermot for good humour, others of a more general nature were not wanting. The table was loaded with a profusion of animal and vegetable dainties, enlivened with wines and fruits. It was also surrounded with gentlemen of different countries, French, English, Irish, Scotch, and Americans, all ranged around in smiles of social glee. No proud stars were seen glittering on the breasts of some to overawe the rest, nor in opening his mouth, did any of the company feel alarmed lest he should *mistitle* a LORD, and so provoke his ire. But all "*free and easy*" they sat, as a band of equal brothers feasting together, at the table of their common parent's bounty. Surely, *then*, if ever, was the season for these favoured gentlemen to kindle high the social affections, and spurning all national prejudices, to strive who most should honour his dear native country by

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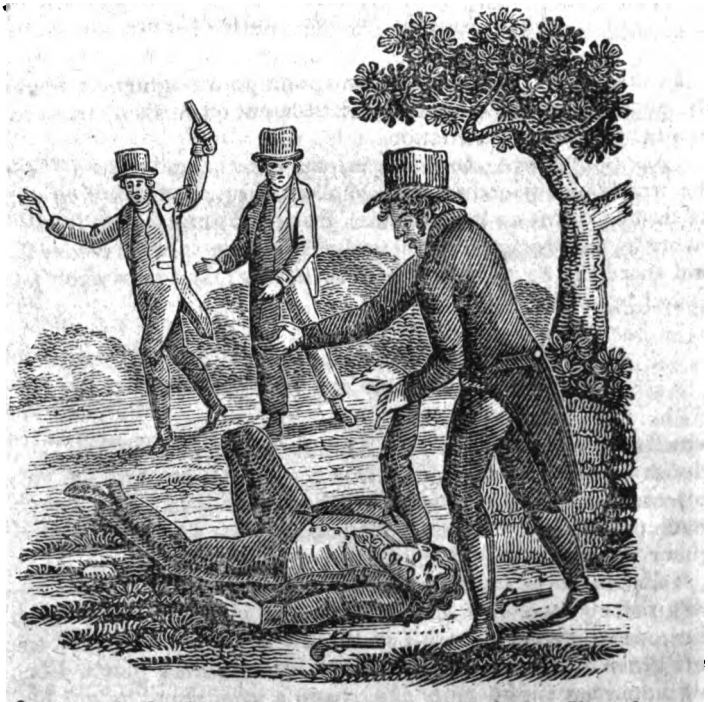
exhibiting the fairest models of *true politeness*. And *such*, I am told, *was* their style of behaviour, all FRIENDSHIP AND HARMONY, at the commencement of the feast; and such, no doubt, would have been its continuance and conclusion—but ah! Drunkenness, the cruel spoiler, came.

The first course ended and a bumper round being called for, the decanters were all unstopped, and forth with melodious guggle, stepped the ruby coloured Madeira. Bumper followed bumper so fast that the fair stopping places of decorum were soon past by; meek-eyed Reason was dethroned, and all the rabble passions set up to tyranize. In this *frolic* and *fury* of the table, nothing would serve but they must introduce politics, a subject certainly as unfit for such a company as a lighted match for a powder magazine. And the explosion was pretty nearly as sudden and terrible. For no sooner was mention made of the French aggressions on the American commerce, than Mr. D. in principle a *United Irishman*, and therefore in heart a *flaming* American, seized the subject, and with the impetuous eloquence of a Curran denounced the French—denounced them as the greatest miscreants on earth; from Bonaparte to the shoeblack, VILLAINS, all VILLAINS! and concluded his speech with an oath by his God, that he did not believe there was an honest individual in the nation.



Unfortunately for Mr. Dermot, close on his left sat a French gentleman, whose sallow cheeks were instantly turned to crimson: but

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curbing his passion, he turned to Mr. Dermot and with great politeness said, "*sir, I hope you do not include me among the rest of my dishonest countrymen.*"

"Who are you, sir," replied the wine-heated youth; "who are you? I don't know you, sir. I did not know there existed on earth such a creature as you."

"Very well sir," replied the Frenchman very coolly, "you shall know me perhaps before long;" then shoving back his chair, he got up from the table and went home. A challenge was sent the next day and accepted; and on the day following they met on the fatal field. At the first trial of the pistols, Mr. Dermot fired clear, but missed. The Frenchman snapped. On the second trial, both fired clear; when the former received a bullet in his heart, and died without a groan.

Thus perished the elegant John Dermot Esq. the early victim of wine, though taken but in a *few* glasses beyond the temperate point. But though dead he still lives; and his once eloquent tongue, though now but dust, yet utters an awful voice,

"Oh tender youth! turn here an eye!
What you are now, that once was I;
What I am now, that you may be;
Then shun the sin that murdered *me.*"

I could go on, young reader, and point your frightened thought to the ghosts of thousands who have been cut off in their drunken moments by sudden destruction.

"*For God's sake, don't go in, the creek's past fording*"—were the words of a friend to John Walker, Esq., S. C., as *half-shaved*, he dashed down on horseback to ROCKY CREEK, in a fresh. He swore by his Maker he had never yet asked *any odds* of Rocky Creek, and that he'd *be d—n'd if he'd do it now;* and thereupon pitched in and perished.

"Betwixt the saddle and the ground,
Mercy I sought and mercy found,"

was the favourite song of poor Andrew Lipscomb, Halifax Co., Va.; But returning *half shaved*, from a regimental muster, he gave his horse the lash, and staving through the woods like a huntsman run mad, was dashed with such violence against a tree, that his brains gushed out.

"*Hurra! for my ten years of sinning and serving the Devil—and then for my ten years of repenting and serving God.*" Such was the hope wherewith young Tom Madden, when drunk, used to comfort himself. But alas! he never saw his *repenting years*. For coming home one night, *quite blue*, from a grog shop, he got his neck snapped short by a fall into his own *saw pit.*

"*You are an impertinent puppy, sir, and if you'll only get down,*

I'll give you a d—n'd whipping, sir."—These were the very words of PATTERSON to BREINE, *both blue*, at the door of a grog shop, Milledgeville. Breine, who was on horseback with a gun in his hand, did not get down, but struck Patterson with his gun, and turning his horse, set off. Patterson threw a brickbat, which struck him an ill knock on the back of the head, and then he turned and fled. Breine wheeled his horse and took aim.—The people who were present called out "*don't shoot! don't shoot! for God's sake don't shoot.*" But being too drunk to reflect, he pulled away and lodged the contents of his gun in Patterson's back. What made it more melancholy, poor Patterson had come to town that very morning to get his *wedding clothes.*

"*Boh! who the plague's afraid to die?*" said an old sot by the name of Ransome Buckingham, "*I wants, when I go, to go like a flash.*"

He got what *he wanted.* For coming home quite *groggy*, from a *tippling trap*, he took what the Jockies call a *ground start*, and went head-foremost down into his own well, sixty feet deep.

"Last night a little boozy,
With whiskey, ale and cider."—

Such was poor sailor Tom Halyard's song, interrupted at times with hiccups, as he staggered along Baltimore street, under a press of grog, and as happy as an *Admiral.* But, unlucky, broaching to, all standing, he capsized, and pitching down, bow-sprit under, into a deep cellar, he fractured his skull, and never rose again.

"Our Parson, he preaches for tythes O!
Our Lawyer, he prattles for prog;
Our Doctor, he blisters—as you know,
But hang 'em, they all love the grog."

Thus hummed young Ben Glover, the Bricklayer, Milledgeville, ss with a "*drop in his eye*," he skipped into a carpenter's shop, and reached his hand to the whiskey bottle. But, alas! mistaking for it a bottle of Aquafortis, he knocked down a bumper, and went off, as with a dram of hell-fire in his throat.

"*Never fear, Tom, Ill soon have some of your Democratic blood out of you,*" said a certain Maryland Doctor, as he bound his patient's arm for bleeding. But being *fuddled*, he did what a thousand fuddled Doctors have done before him—he pricked a tendon for his patient, whereby he died in all the agonies of a lock-jaw.

"*Who the D—l will pay a dollar for a ferry boat, when he can go over for nothing on such a fine bridge of ice, like this.*" Thus bawled out a drunken wagoner, as he drove down to Hammond's ferry, Patapsco, in a time of frost. On reaching the channel, 15 feet deep, down he went through the bursting ice, and was lost, both he and all his horses, with a load of fine teas and muslins.

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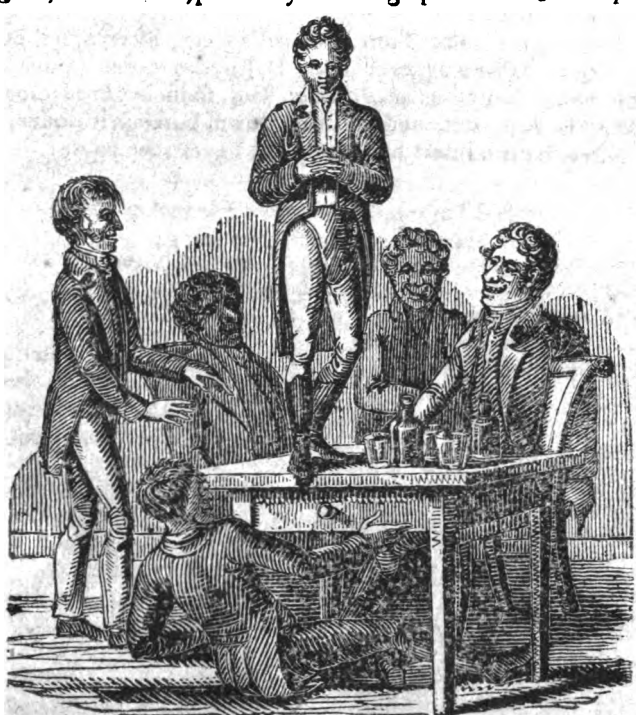
"*A candlestick, indeed! Who the devil wants a candlestick when there's a barrel at hand, with such a nice little bung-hole in it as this?*" and therewith stuck his candle into the bung of a half barrel of gunpowder, which, by a strange fatality happened to lie by him. Such were the words and deeds of a young Midshipman, who, with a dozen other young Midshipmen and Surgeon's Mates, was *carousing* in the cock pit of one of the United States' frigates lying in the road of Malta, whence they had just procured a hamper of *good wine:* presently, in the midst of their singing and roaring, down popped the candle into the powder, which broke loose upon them with a *sisserara*, that quickly sent three of them to the D—l, and so blackened and burnt and crippled the rest, that several of them never got over it. Among this latter sort was an elegant young medical gentleman—a relative of my own.

"O, if all the trees in the world were but in *one* tree, what a great tree that would be!—and if all the axes in the world were but in one axe, what a great axe that would be!—and if all the men in the world were but in one man, what a great man that would be!—And now, if that *great man* were to take that *great axe*, and cut down that *great tree*, O what a fall that would be!" Thus spouted a silly young sot, Alexandria, profanely mocking a pious old Quaker preach-



er—his drunken companions in the mean time all around him, reel-

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ing and roaring, excessively delighted with his wonderful humour. But behold! just as he came to the ending clause of his sermon—"*O what a great fall that would be!*" one of the sots, by way of *practical pun*, overset the table on which he stood; and down headforemost on the floor came the drunken preacher, and fractured his skull so miserably that he died next day.

CASE XIX. Awful history of young Dred Drake, who, in a drunken frolic, had his brains dashed out by riding a race. (Communicated by Jeffry Early, Esq.)

But few are the citizens of Greene county, Georgia, who have not heard of NOYLE NELMS's *race paths*. Many a precious hour has been murdered there; and often has the silence of its pine groves been disturbed by the horrid oaths of noisy crowds celebrating their horse-races. But *idleness* and *profanity* are not the only concomitants of such *cruel sports*. No! for when young men, heated with whiskey, and mounted on fiery steeds, are bounding over the turf, who can tell how soon their rosy cheeks may become the food of devouring worms?

Dred Drake was a young man, naturally warm hearted and gay; and had it been his lot to have received the early light of education, 'tis probable he would have lived many years, a useful member of society. But, alas! it was his misfortune to have been neglected in his education; and hence sprung all his vices and misfortunes: for, in his rage after pleasure, "*which is Nature's Law*," instead of rising to the pleasures of the MIND, he sunk to those of *sense*, particularly to that of *strong drink*, in which he indulged to such excess, that the friends of humanity were always sad, whenever they saw him. But the days of his folly were but few. He was soon snatched away to bear awful witness to that *general truth*, "*the wicked shall not live out half their days.*"

A match is made in Greene county, and the purse is to be run for over Noyle Nelms's race-paths. Notice of the same is given by plentiful advertisements stuck up, as usual, at blacksmiths' shops, taverns, and cross roads. At length the *eventful day* arrives; and the neighbourhood, for miles around, quitting their spinning-wheels and ploughs, are all in motion to see the *races!* By an early hour the piny wood, which surrounds the race-paths, is filled with a motley crowd—*yonder*, the delicate daughters of wealth, lolling at ease in their silks and chariots, waiting for the starting of the horses; and *here* the sturdier daughters of poverty, standing together in giggling groups, shining in health and homespun. On *this side*, a gang of smirky-faced negroes, each with a whiskey bottle sticking out of his pocket—and on *that* a troop of broad grinning Indians, with their brandy kegs and children strapped over their shoulders—while in rows, along the course, stand the whiskey wagons and cyder carts, surrounded by thirsty topers, thick as bees, all *sipping away as hard* as the smiling tapsters can fill, and hand their tin pots and noggins. Presently the fiery draughts begin to operate; dull care unbends

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from every brow; and all tongues are loosened to chatter; for honest Nature, now unmuzzled by the whiskey, throws off restraint, and bids every man appear in his proper character. Some are singing—and some are dancing; *here*, they hug and fondle like brothers—*there* they curse and quarrel like enemies. The negroes laugh—the Indians whoop—and all the wood resounds with uproar. No flock of black-birds lighting on an autumnal cornfield, ever raised such a chorus of ear distracting discords.

But hark! what dreadful noise is that? "*A fight! a fight!*" is the general cry. Instantly the people from all sides are running towards the crowded spot, but with widely different looks: some with pleasure in their eyes, like negro boys running to a dog-fight; but others, and particularly the young women, with faces pale with fright and calling on the names of their brothers supposed to be in the fray.

The uproar is all created by a couple of big-limbed young boobies, rushing into furious combat. It had often been a question among their *vulgar* neighbours which of them was the *best man*. The poor blockheads knowing no better, and mistaking their shame for their glory, have long wished to try each other. And now, accidentally meeting at the *horse-race*, (the proper theatre for such work) and being put up to it partly by vanity, but more by whiskey, they have grappled each other.

"*Part 'em! part 'em!*"—is the cry of some. But others of the more savage sort bawl out—"*No touch! no touch! Hands off, gentlemen, hands off!—Hurra!—Now, then, crack away again my little game cocks! At it again, my Heroes!*"

Rid now of all restraint, forward they pitch at each other like bull-dogs. The contest, however, is but of short duration; for, one of the fools, in taking his dose of Dutch courage, had gone so deep into the whiskey bottle, that he was quite on the staggers, when the fight began; so that on the first or second thump he was tumbled over sprawling and helpless as a cotton bag. Whereat his antagonist, charmed with so glorious a victory, leaped into the air, and snapping his fingers, roared out, "*Hurra, for me! a hard horse I am gentlemen, a proper hard horse, depend! may-be I an't a* ROARER!"

O the GLORY! the GLORY! the GLORY, of such an exploit as this! what young man of six foot by three over the shoulders, but must covet an equal fame? yes, they will covet it. See them now leaping out from the crowd, binding up their heads, and throwing off their clothes! Some strip to the shirt—others throw off shirt and all to the bare pantaloons and suspenders. Then boldly stepping forward, and striking their right-hand fists into the hollow of the left, with a noise loud as a pistol's crack, crossing their arms like boxers, and bawling out to each in his own *blackguard phrases*.

One swears by his Maker, that, "HE IS THE CLEVEREST FELLOW IN ALL GREENE COUNTY."

Another *d—ns himself to h—ll*, "IF HE CAN'T FLOG ANY SON OF A B—TCH ON THE WHOLE GROUND."

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"*Here I come, gentlemen!*" roars a third, "*Here I come! a screamer! yes, d—n me, if I an't a proper screamer;* JUST FROM BENGAL! HALF HORSE HALF ALLIGATOR, AND WITH A LITTLE TOUCH OF THE SNAPPING TURTLE."

Up comes a fourth and more beastly still, rips out, "*Hurra for little* BONAPARTE, the STUD! yes, *I'll be d—n'd if I an't a* TRUE STUD. *O! may be I an't a* ROARER."

A fifth now pushes forward, and like one ready for battle, thunders out—"*Don't fight for nothing! d—n you, don't fight for nothing! fight for a horse.*"

Into the midst of this drunken crew, up dashes poor *Dred Drake* with red eyes and whiskey bloated face, bearing hard in hand a high mettled Tacky, and screaming out, "*Clear the track! clear the track! d—n you, clear the track.*"

Though fit only for the pillory or prison, he fancies himself the greatest man on the ground. He can hardly sit on his horse, and yet hear how he roars, "*Hurra for young Fulker! against horse, mare, or gelding, the best Tacky on the turf, d—n me!*" *That's a whaler!* replies another young sot, *half-shaved*, for here's little READY MONEY can beat him high or low, the best day he ever *see'd*, for a hundred dollars all down upon the nail.

Dred's friends all gathered around him—"*For God's sake, Dred, don't think of running! you have drank too much; my dear boy, you have drank too much. And, besides, only look how thick the pine trees stand around the course, you'll get your brains dash'd out, as sure as ever you were born.*"

"D—n the pine trees," he replied, "who cares for the pine trees! I'll stave through 'em like a hurricane!—I'll sweep 'em all to h—ll!"

In the same moment, the other horse by his side, and the word "*go*," given, he applies his whip, and off he drives, in the proper garb of a piney-wood sot—no hat—no jacket—and his uncombed locks flying in every direction on the wind.

He had not gone above an hundred yards, when his horse under the lash, as hard as he could crack it, rather flying than running, started a little from the path, and in full lightening speed, dash'd his rider against the body of a pine tree. Knocked backwards, high above his horse's rump, he fell dead, without a groan, to the earth. Instantly in tumultuous crowds, the people all gathered around him, and were presented with as sad a spectacle, as mortal eyes ever beheld. He whom they had but this moment seen so brisk and gay, now lay there before them a lifeless lump, and so mangled that no friend on earth could have recognized a feature. There was not a sign of a nose remaining on his face, the violence of the blow had crushed it flat, miserably battering his mouth and teeth, and completely scalping the right side of his face and head—the flesh, skin, and ear, torn off to the back of his skull. One of his eyes, meeting a snag on the trunk of a tree, was clearly knocked out of its socket; and, held only by a string of skin, there it lay naked on his bloody cheek.

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The next day the mangled remains of poor Dred Drake were buried. They were buried by his weeping brothers in a field belonging to his father. To this day the place where he sleeps is beheld at a distance with secret awe. The children, when they run to the door, before the hour of bed, listen with terror to the voice of the WHIP-POOR-WILL mourning from the oak that bends in darkness over his grave. The negro boys, too, as they seek their horses through the field, carefully shun the haunted spot. For often, in dead of night, a noise, they say, is heard, as of cracking whips, and the sound of horses' feet loud galloping over the race paths.

Such are the tragedies that spring from drunkenness—that spring from it, even under its mildest forms, and when only in its gay and frolicsome humours. Then what is to be expected from it, when raging in all its enfevered and unbridled fury—when, goaded for whole hours together, with constantly pouring down of strong drams and grog, the wretched body is converted into a *fiery furnace*, throughout—and when the cruel disease boiling the blood, scalding the labouring heart and arteries, rolls its fiery torrents through the brain, lashing the passions into phrenzy, and not leaving a ray of *reason* to guide; nor of conscience to bind the actions of the madman. Oh my God! what furious deeds! what sudden, what horrible destructions must often ensue! thousands, yea, myriads of cases, of the most fearful colouring, might here be presented before the reader's eye, and each sufficient to freeze his blood, and stiffen the hair upon his shuddering head. But I will not trouble either him or myself with any more than the following, which as they have nothing *good* (except *truth*) to recommend them, have for that very reason (*their own devilishness' sake*) the better claim to a place in this our second Stage of Drunkenness, which, according to the plan proposed, we call the FRANTIC, or DEMONIAC Stage.

Some, I know, are ready to scoff at the term DEMONIAC, because signifying that agency of the devil in human affairs, which, as they say, *they utterly deny*. And by the same token, very gladly would I deny it too if I durst, for no man more cordially than myself, can despise the idea of having any thing to do with the devil, or of his having any thing to do with me. But we must speak the truth, if it were only to shame the devil, for his villainous intermeddling in our affairs—which I look upon to be a self-evident fact. For, to say nothing of what we feel, when we look *inwardly* into our bosoms, we must certainly say, when looking outwardly upon other people's *conduct*, that *this* is oft times so irreconcilable with their character, as *rational creatures*, that it cannot possibly spring from *them*, but from some evil agent within them.

For, as the Indians say of a man who does any thing very wrong when he is drunk, that it was not *him*, but the *rum* that was in him.

And as it is said of the herd of swine in the Gospel, which took that extraordinary start, and running down into the sea were drowned every mother's pig of them, that it was not the swine,

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but the devil that was in them; for that no hog could be found so stupid, as to have done this, if left to his own head. So of some men, we are obliged to say that their actions are so inexpressibly damnable and damning, both to themselves and others, that it is utterly impossible they could ever have thought of them had it not been for the devil who put it into their heads.

For example when we see numbers of AMERICANS labouring day and night to pull down what Washington emphatically calls, "THE GRAND PALLADIUM of our Liberties," i. e. our "UNION," and thereby, as a natural consequence, to turn this favoured country first into a SLAUGHTER-PEN of civil war; and next into a WORK-HOUSE, for ourselves and our children—the wretched *slaves* of Jerome Bonaparte, or of George the 4th. To whom, I ask, are we to ascribe this, but to that infernal serpent who could not rest until he had turned Adam out of the first paradise, and now must needs turn us out of the "*last republic that is left upon the earth.*"

So when we see man, *rational* man, "*made but a few degrees lower than the angels,*" to rule and to enjoy all this lower world, and in the next to "walk with GOD, high in salvation, and the climes of bliss"—when we see him selling all this goodly inheritance, this GLORIOUS BIRTH-RIGHT not Esau-like, for a basin of wholesome pottage, but madman-like, for a tickler of poisonous whiskey: making a Lazaretto of his body, and of his soul a bedlam of every hellish passion that ever yet feasted on human cries and blood.—I say, when we see in a creature *rational*, a conduct so horribly *irrational*, so superlatively *devilish*, to what cause can we so fairly ascribe it, as to the agency of the devil?

But the Devil acts very differently in his SLAVES of *drunkenness;* according to the difference in their constitutions. In some he acts like MOLOCH—the Devil of *hate.* In others, like Belial—the Devil of lust. In others, like Satan—the Devil of lies, and so on. Now as to the

I. Moloch, the Devil of *hate.*

This is the Demon of those Drunkards who though gentle as *lambs, when sober,* yet the moment they get a fiery drench or two upon their parched entrails, they become as quarrelsome as bull-dogs. A SAINT can't live in quiet with them. Not Job with all his patience, nor Moses with all his meekness, nor even the holy Saint John, with all his seraphic love, could possibly avoid being insulted by them. They'll be sure to pick a quarrel with him if it is only because he has gray eyes, or a hair lip, or a big nose. They'll make no scruple to *whisper* in his presence, *loud enough to be heard,* grinning at him at the same time, "*Did you ever see such an ugly son of a b—ch?*" And though from his unconquerable sweetness of spirit, they can't provoke him into a fight, yet they won't let him alone. They will continue to walk round and round him, and dart such angry looks at him, and gnash their teeth, and so grumble and curse, as if like mad-dogs they wished for nothing so much as a good excuse to fall upon him.

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Death is always in company with drunkards, who are affected in this way by whiskey. Take the following case which was told to me by the worthy Duncan M'Rae, Esq. Camden—who had it from *an eye witness.*

CASE XXII. Of one Johnson, who in a Demoniac state of drunkenness, murdered a little pedlar.

"Travelling down Pedee," said the informant, "and overtaken by the night, I inquired of a poor man near the road for a tavern. He shook his head, but at length replied, "*why sir there is, to be sure, a bit of a house there a little way ahead of you, a sort of* JUG TAVERN, *as we say hereabouts; but I fear you'll find it a slim chance.*"

"With a heavy heart, I went on, and soon found it a *slim chance* indeed: for even before I had come within sight of the house, I could hear the drunkards roaring and cursing at a tremendous rate. On coming to the door, I was presented with a scene dreary in the extreme: a small, dirty, low-pitched room, much more like a den of wild beasts, than a dwelling for *civilized men;* and in place of cheerful candles, on an old table, covered with empty tin pots and bottles, stood one dim lamp, which, with some light wood knots on the hearth, served sufficiently to show me that my lines were not fallen in pleasant places, but rather in a sty of Epicurean swine. For there, all on the floor before me, lay the wretched brutes; some literally *dead drunk*, and motionless as logs; others equally overwhelmed with the stupefying drink, but able still *to stir*, which *burning* as they were with the fiery liquor, they did at a *rapid rate*, rolling incessantly from side to side, and from extremity of feverish heat, constantly uttering fearful noises; some barking like dogs; some grunting like hogs; and others, alternately shrieking, and howling, and roaring like wolves and wild-cats, and all manner of savage beasts.

"It was my lot to have for my next neighbour, a man whose name, as I found afterwards, was Johnson—of stout gigantic size, abundantly ragged and dirty, and who sat with his side towards me, resting his forehead on the back of his chair. He appeared to be much disturbed, grumbling to himself incessantly, and muttering bitter curses and threats against some person who had offended him; for every now and then, between the gnashing of his teeth, I could hear him roar out, "*I'll see his liver for that, d—n 'im! I'll have his heart's blood!*"

"Presently he lifted his head from the back of the chair, and looking at me, presented a face horrible beyond description—a pair of monstrous cheeks, frightfully grog blossomed and bloated, broad and red as bullocks' livers—a nose, of size enormous, stuck full of angry carbuncles big as nutmegs, and of the colour of ripe figs—a forehead uncommonly large, and spotted over with fiery blotches red as crimson—and then *his eyes!* the Lord preserve me from those fire-balls of death! for indeed such they seemed, as, thrust out and blood-shotten, they rolled on me a ghastly glare from beneath their dark brows and shaggy locks.

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"As the wan countenance of a lust-worn harlot, becomes still more dark and dismal at the sight of a young female, fresh and blushing in all the charms of virgin innocence, so does the soul of the filthy drunkard experience a quickened hell, at sight of a gentleman well drest and breathing the cheerful air of cleanliness and sobriety. Hence, the countenance of this wretched man seemed to burn more fiery dark, as looking at me, and imprecating a horrid curse upon my *soul*, he exclaimed,

"*Who are you?*"

"I made him no reply.

"Presently he stretched himself out, leaning back in his chair, and with arms full extended, and his eye-balls rolled to the ceiling, he bawled out with a dreadful oath—"*I must kill somebody—I say I must kill somebody, before I leave this place!*"

"I continued to hold my peace.

"Then recovering himself quick as thought, in his chair, looking round, he gave me a fearful curse; and at the same time bawled out, "*which of all these villains, is fittingest to die?*"

"Why, sir," said I, merely to *get rid of* the Monster, for I was really becoming quite alarmed at him—"Why, sir, that little man you see nodding yonder in the corner, is in my opinion as fitting to die as any among 'm; at least I'd as soon take my chance with him, as with any that I see here."

"The little man that I here innocently pointed at, was, as I afterwards learnt, a poor little creature of a *pedlar*, who had stepped in among 'm only an hour or two before me. He had, it seems, unfortunately called for his *pint*, and there he sat in his corner, on an

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old chair, *drunk as a lord*, and nodding backwards and forwards like a sawyer over his pit.

"*That little man, sir*," said I, "*that you see nodding yonder in the corner is as fit to die as any among 'm.*"

"*Do you say so*," replied he, "*well then he shall go—and pretty quick too.*"

"With that he sprung up, and with furious strides made towards the poor little pedlar. As he stepped along, he snatched up an old rifle that stood convenient, and swinging a high blow, as would a butcher at the head of a bullock, he drove the gun against the poor man's forehead, with a force that fractured his skull, and sunk the cock pin deep into his brain. Down fell the poor pedlar—down fell the bloody instrument of his death—and out into the dark night rushed the accursed Johnson, and has *never been heard of since!* It was generally supposed that he ran down to the river, then in a high fresh, and throwing himself headlong in, was swept away."

CASE XXIII. Of James Ballard, who in a Demoniac fit of drunkenness, murdered John Merrit.

(Communicated to me by their neighbour, the reverend Mr. Hill a Methodist preacher.)

James Ballard and John Merrit were poor men of Lincoln county, North Carolina. Dwelling in humble habitations, near each other, and appointed alike to earn bread with the sweat of their brow, it was to have been hoped they would have contracted for one another the spirit of brothers—it was to have been hoped that often, after the toils of the day were done, they would have met at each other's cottages; and over cups of cheerful coffee and strengthening cakes, have sent the evening hours away in jokes and laughs, seasoned at times with rational conversation; while their wives and children, catching the same friendly sentiments, might have lived together as dearest relatives, sweetly mingling their loves and labours, like kindred families travelling to heaven.

Such, probably, would have been the happy order of things, had it not been for drunkenness that *monster-vice;* that *love-destroying* sin; which, by wasting the substance, pinching the family, and piercing the heart with self-reproach, tends to extinguish every spark of social affection; and to make men devils to one another. It was in this way that drunkenness prepared these two wretched men, Ballard and Merrit, for that shameful fight, which ended in the untimely murder of the latter, and brought the former to an early gibbet. The stage of this bloody tragedy was laid in one of those pernicious houses, where, as Solomon says of a certain other "hell-gate," well known in his day, "*many have been cast down wounded; yea, many mighty men have been slain therein*," I mean a GROG SHOP. It was here they met and got drunk; and presently, as usual, proceeded to quarrel and fight. After some blows had passed, Ballard snatched up the staff of an old flail that lay at hand, and therewith knocked Merrit down, and continued his blows until he had literally *beat him to death.* This most inhuman act was beheld by some of the

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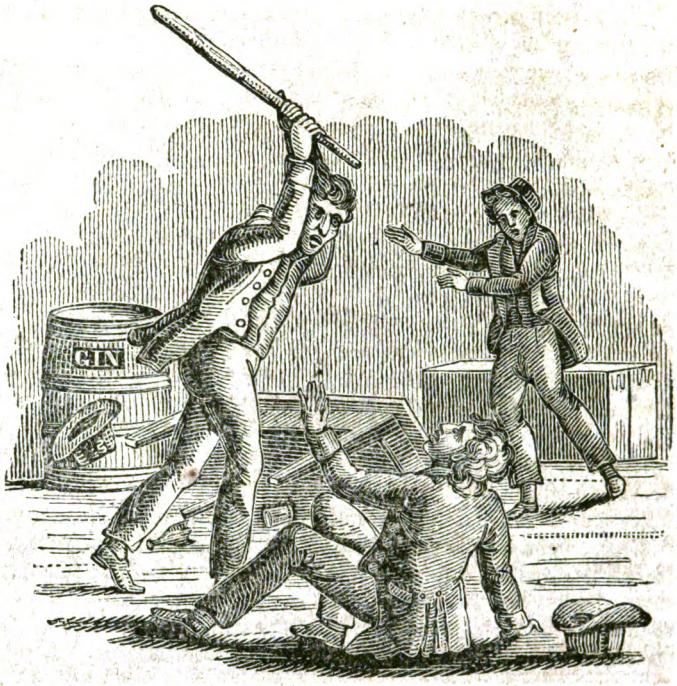
drunken crew in the grog shop, who, as appeared on the trial afterwards, staggered out to *part 'm.* But before they could hobble to the place, the fatal deed was done. The dead man, with his



head all mangled and bloody, was borne into the grog shop and laid down on the floor. Presently Ballard came reeling in. One of the drunkards, pointing to the corpse, said to him—"*see there what you have done!*" At this, turning a dark and furious look on the poor bleeding victim of his drunken rage, he cried out—"*well! G—d d—n him, that's what he deserves! that's the very sight I have long wished to see!*"

However, he could not bear to stay long in the room with the dead man, nor to look at him again, but after turning off another bumper of raw whiskey, he *started for home.* Nor did he stay long there; for presently one of the neighbours came running over to Mrs. Ballard with the news that her husband and Mr. Merrit had a fight, and that Mr. Merrit was DEAD: whereupon the poor woman with her children took on at such a woful rate that the poor man could not endure it, but after stalking about the house and yard for some time, in the dark and fiery glare of a troubled tiger, he muttered a dreadful curse, and set off for one of his drunken cronies in the neighbourhood. As he went to stifle his troubled conscience, 'tis thought he struck up the methodist hymn "Come thou fount of every blessing," &c. and went on singing it aloud as he went; which greatly excited the surprise of

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a neighbouring religious family, who asked in wonder "*what was coming to Ballard, for that they had never heard him sing a spiritual song before.*" This was late in the afternoon. Next morning, hearing that the LIGHT HORSE were coming out after him, he took the alarm, and, leaving his wife and children a-crying, fled to the woods and swamps, where he spent several anxious days, hiding and skulking about in dark places, afraid, like Cain of old, to meet the face of man; and rarely venturing, even at the midnight hour, to approach his own house in quest of a little food to sustain life. Wearied at length of so miserable an existence, he came to the resolution to run off, hoping in this way to make his escape; but divine justice soon overtook him, for he had not proceeded farther than five and twenty miles, before he suddenly halted, and agreed to work for a certain man of that place, who sent him into his woods to maul logs. In a few days he was taken and carried to Lincolnton, the county town, and there put in prison. Mr. Hill, a pious methodist preacher in that neighbourhood, went to see him in his confinement. On the first visit, Mr. Hill found him perfectly stupid and unconcerned about his crime and danger. Being asked by Mr. Hill whether he was not the man who killed poor Merrit, he replied, with an air of the most sullen indifference, that "*he supposed he did, but that he was so out of his senses with liquor, that it all seemed to him like a dream.*" However, on the second and third visits his case became much altered for the better, for as Mr. Hill spoke to him of the horrible nature of his sin, MURDER, the *destroying of God's image* on the *face of man*, and that man his *own flesh* and *blood*, born to be with him as a help-mate and brother, he appeared much affected. Happily, the court not coming to session for several weeks, opportunity was afforded for Mr. Hill to repeat his charitable visits, which he frequently did. The result was a deep conviction on the mind of the prisoner, and, as Mr. Hill thinks, a *hearty repentance*. Often in the course of conversation, he would declaim on the fatal effects of his *neglected education;* which indeed so affected him, that at times, clasping his hands and lifting his eyes like one near an agony, he would cry out to Mr. Hill, 'Oh sir, had but my father done his duty by me, and brought me up to religion, I should never have come to this." Then, as if he relented for having reflected on his father, he would soften his speech and say, 'but alas! my poor father was an afflicted and sickly man; and we boys soon grew too strong for him. But the subject of *neglected education* seemed to lie nearest of all to his heart; for he would frequently return to it, and with the utmost earnestness exclaim, 'Oh, what would I not give, if I had but the means to tell all the fathers and mothers in the world, what *I now feel!*' He likewise begged of Mr. Hill that he would take it as his *last dying* charge to tell *every parent* what a great duty he owed to his child, to bring him up to religion.

On the morning of his execution, Mr. Hill rode out with him in the little wagon that conveyed him and his coffin to the gallows. The crowd of spectators was immense. The poor man noticed it, and

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said, "*he never saw so many people together at one time in all his life before!*"

Mr. Hill told him that he ought not to think of these things at all now, for that in a few minutes he would have to appear before God.

At this he turned pale, and said he felt very *heart-sick.* On reaching the gallows he complained of being *fit to faint.* The sheriff offered him a little wine, which he accepted with great thankfulness.

A sermon was then preached in English, by Mr. Hill, and another in German, by Mr. Hinckle, after which he was turned off.

CASE XXIV. Of William Harverson, who, in the demoniac of drunkenness, murdered David Russell; for which he was hung. Communicated by an *eye witness* of his execution.

William Harverson was born in the neighbourhood of Camden, S. Carolina. Nature had been much more liberal to his *person* than his parents had been to his *mind:* for, while the former was erect and handsome as an angel, the latter, from defect of education, was deformed and grovelling as the beast that perisheth. For some offence, not well known to the writer, nor very important to the reader, he was confined in prison bounds in Camden. The bounds were large, extending nearly to Pine-tree creek, a quarter of a mile south and east of the town. In the same prison was a poor little man, David Russel by name, and by profession a taylor; but being, as perhaps all taylors ought to be, of very diminutive size, he was generally called, not David Russel, but "*the little taylor.*" The reader will please to take notice, that this little man was not in prison for debt, or misdemeanor, but from choice, working very honestly for the jailor and his family.

Placed together in this situation, with scarcely any other society than themselves, Harverson and the little taylor soon contracted a friendship.

After some time, the taylor's work being done in Camden, he took it into his head to go down to Statesburgh. '*Well, Mr. Harverson,*' said he, 'I am going down to Statesburgh to look for work; suppose you go with me as far as the creek, and we'll take a parting drink together; for God only knows when we shall see each other again.'

'*With all my heart,*' replied Harverson. Accordingly, soon as dinner was over, they went down to the creek, and sitting on an old tree, began to drink, from a bottle of rum, which the little taylor had brought with him. The little taylor was soon quite tipsey, rocking and reeling on the log where he sat; Harverson too was quite groggy, but not deprived of the power to move. Now, here comes the dreadful part of the story, and sufficient, God knows, to cause all drunkards to tremble for themselves. Harverson, all at once, conceives the horrible idea to murder his companion! With this bloody view, he staggers across the creek to an old indigo vat, where he found a rusty sledge hammer that had been left there by the work-

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men!! Oh, awful proof, that if the devil can but engage a wretched soul to do his work, he will soon put a fit instrument into his hand. With the sledge hammer on his shoulder, Harverson staggers back to his ill-fated comrade, and finding him still sitting on his log, quite silly, and reeling with his liquor, he lifted his cruel iron, and gave him a blow direct on his forehead.

Down fell the poor little taylor, but not killed, as might have been expected, by the blow, but on the contrary, as if roused by it to his recollection, he stretched his hands to his murderer, and cried out,

though but with a feeble voice, '*O Harverson! don't kill me! don't kill me! If I have any thing that you want, take it, but oh spare my life!*'

This brought the wretch to a pause; but being drunk, and brutish as the swine that devours its own young, he regarded not the cries of the poor fallen supplicant, but lifting his blood-stained hammer, he dashed out his brains. He then took the dead body, and dragging it down the steep bank of the creek, covered it with leaves.

No suspicion was awakened concerning the little taylor, as it was supposed by his acquaintance in Camden that he was gone down to Statesburgh. However, in a few days, some young men passing that way to shoot ducks, and seeing a gang of buzzards fly up, went to the spot, and found the dead body, which was immediately known. From the ghastly marks on the skull, the jury reported it a *murder case.* A hot search was commenced after the murderer, who was presently found; for learning that Harverson was the last person seen in the company of the deceased, the officers of justice arrested him on the spot, and charged him with the crime. He made no

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scruple to confess the deed; and also confessed that he knew not *why he had done it.* '*He had no manner of ill-will against the little taylor*,' he said, but on the contrary liked him well; and, after striking him the first blow, felt as if he would have given as many worlds as there are stars in the heavens, if he had never done it. But seeing him pale, and trembling all over as in great misery, and concluding from his gushing blood, that he could never recover, he thought it would be mercy to kill him at once, and thereupon gave him the second blow, which put him to rest.

A gallows was erected for the miserable Harverson, on the very spot where he committed the murder, and his grave was dug by the side of the little taylor; but he was not buried there; for his brother John Harverson, with a coffin in his cart, came and begged the body, which was given him. At sight of his brother William, with a rope around his neck, John could not speak, and fell into a severe ague. His sister, a poor woman with a little child in her arms, came to see him die. He took her tenderly by the hand, and with tears told her that in their former innocent days, when they played so happily together, how little he thought of bringing upon her the pain of seeing him die in such a way *as that.* 'But *drink, drink*,' continued he, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, '*drink*, is that *accursed D—l*, that has undone me.' At this she wept bitterly. Her child lay asleep in his mother's arms; but waked by her scalding tears, he started up, and with the looks of an infant angel waking, he crowed, and jumped, and stretched his little arms to his uncle, as if he wished to go to him. What it was that passed through the mind of the unhappy man I know not; but at sight of that dear innocent with shining face and sweet blue eyes, reaching towards him, he looked much troubled,—He took the child by the hand and said—'poor little nephew, I ought to have lived to be a friend to you; but my sins have cut me off. This moment we meet, and now we are going to part again, perhaps for ever. Oh! had God but taken me out of the world when I was young and innocent, like you, I might have been happy! But poor miserable me! what is to become of me now, I don't know.' Here he uttered a deep groan, and lifting his eyes, saddened with penitence to heaven, he cried '*Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul!*' He then begged his sister never to mention *his name* to her child. 'But,' continued he with a sigh, 'I suppose he must hear of it; some wicked boy or other will throw it in his teeth. And that is what grieves *me*, to think that the accursed fruits of my sins cannot die with me, but must live to grieve my poor unoffending relations when I am dead and gone.'

He then asked the sheriff if he might be *allowed to pray.* The sheriff said, '*to be sure.*' Whereupon, looking round upon the people, he asked them if they would join a *poor dying Sinner in his last prayer.* At this the looks of the people became like the soft clouds of spring melting into showers. Seeing their fellow feeling for him in their tearful eyes, and closer gathering round him, he fell upon

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his knees, and made one of the most moving and powerful prayers ever heard. At the close of his prayer, there appeared on his countenance a *serenity* so divine as utterly astonished the beholders. Several Christian people who were present declared openly, that they could see in his looks that he had heard that voice which once said to the dying penitent—'*This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*' On rising from his knees, he said to the sheriff, '*well, I believe my hour is come.*' Then looking round upon the crowd, he cried, '*God bless you all! and preserve you and your children from the curses of drunkenness.*' These were the last words that he was heard to say, for instantly thereafter he let *drop his handkerchief* which was the sign agreed upon betwixt himself and the sheriff, and the cart drove from under him.

CASE XXV. '*Item.—I order that at my funeral all my poor neighbours be invited—that several barrels of whiskey, with the heads knocked out, be placed in the yard, and that some dozens of jackleg-knives be laid convenient.*' Such were the words of a certain rich man on his *death bed*, to the lawyer who was writing his will. Being asked the meaning of so strange an item, the dying wretch made this reply:

'Why sir, I mortally hate the poor people of this neighbourhood, and wish them all destroyed; and this will do their business effectually. I know the *d—n'd brutes* can't be where whiskey is without getting *drunk*, and then they are sure to *fight*—and the knives will serve them to cut each other's throats.'

But while some men on getting drunk, become perfect FURIES, others are very differently and *strangely* affected. It would appear as though SATAN, the *father of lies*, had gotten full possession of them, and '*reigned the Lord of their every sense.*' Though clear-sighted as Solomons, while *cool*, yet let them but get their brains heated with whiskey, and straight way it would seem that they had undergone a total revolution in their senses—'Eyes have they, but don't see, and ears, but don't hear, and hearts, but don't understand' things like other people. Every thing is *perverted* and *metamorphosed*. They can mistake a playful *child* for a hissing *rattle snake!* a loving wife for a bloody Indian! their own harmless horse for a mortal enemy! and a thousand such strange and horrible conceits can they take up.

'*O you cursed serpents! you would sting me to death, u ould you?*' said James Madlock, ship-carpenter, Portsmouth, as he came home *drunk*, with his *broadaxe* on his shoulder, wherewith he chopped down his wife and three children, as they met him at the door! It appeared, from testimony given in court, that he had mistaken his poor wife and children for *vipers*, coming to bite him.

'*Hurra my brave fellows; that's a fine shot for you!*' Thus often shouted a Mr. Bugg, Georgia, as he shot down his carriage horses and cows, which his whiskey-burnt brain mistook for deer.

'*Hand me my gun! hand me my gun! don't you see how boldly that savage is coming to the house to kill my family?*' Thus called a

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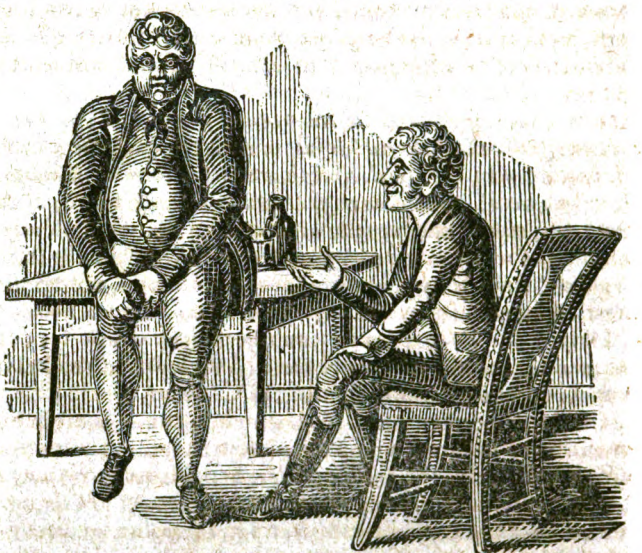
notorious drunkard, Virginia, to his slave. On getting his gun, he let fly, and shot dead in his own yard a handsome young man, who was coming to the house to court his daughter.

'*Here he is! here he is, gentlemen! Aye ha! have I caught you at last, my old boy?*' Thus exclaimed an old SOT, of Alexandria, seizing at the same time the knee of his breeches, into which his watch, working through the fob, had slid.

'What have you caught sir?' asked one who was sitting by. 'Caught, sir!' replied he with great emotion, '*why, I have caught*



the DEVIL, *don't you feel him here; the* GREAT DEVIL HIMSELF, *sir, O make haste! make haste! cut him out! cut him out!*'

'Why you'll ruin your breeches,' replied the other.

'*Ruin! my dear sir, do you call it ruin, to do any thing to catch the Devil? If it ruined a thousand breeches I'd have him.*'

The breeches being cut through, the drunken wretch seized the watch as a cat would a mouse, and throwing it into the fire shouted for joy; '*there! into the fire yourself you* INFERNAL VILLAIN where you *have so long wished me.*' And then seemed quite easy.

'A TEAPOT, *gentlemen! Here I am, a noble* TEAPOT *for you, an't I?*' cried another brain-scorched sot, bending at the same time his left arm a-kimbo, like the handle, and his right thrust out like the *spout* of a *teapot:* and thus, with a grave countenance, he would strut about the room, swearing he was a *teapot.*

'CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!' so chirped another poor beast, who, having nearly burnt out the *cap of his still*, had brought himself to believe that he was a clock. Then sticking himself up in a corner of the room, with an arm swinging backwards and forwards for the *pendulum*, and on his breast a *finger* constantly turning for the *minute*

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hand: and thus all day long he would go *click, click, click,* telling every body that he was a clock.

'*Keep off, gentlemen! keep off! for God's sake don't break my poor legs*'—was the constant cry (to all who came near him) of another *brain-burnt* sot, who had come at last to believe that his legs were of *glass.*

Three years ago I formed an acquaintance with a captain A——, of Georgia, an old revolutionary officer, a CLASS LEADER, and one of the most amiable men I ever knew. He was almost constantly stooping forward, and with his hands and fingers stroking down his knees and legs, as people on the Salts are wont to do, to drive off the musquitoes. As soon as I felt myself at liberty, I asked him why he did so. He replied that 'he did it to *drive off the little Devils that were continually buzzing in whole swarms about him.*'

'LITTLE DEVILS!' I answered in amazement. But I prudently halted, recollecting it was a *disease,* and that he was no more to be wondered at for it, than if he had been *scratching* for the *itch.* But to see a gentlemen of the most retentive memory, the clearest understanding, and the sweetest eloquence, and all ennobled by a *rational piety,* giving way to such a ridiculous superstition, appeared to me the most awful proof how God abbors the sin of drunkenness, which he will not in *this life,* entirely forgive, even in the truest penitent. The Captain had, twenty years before that, been a *hard drinker.*

CASE XXVI. Of Thomas Collier, S. Carolina, who in a *Demoniac* state of drunkenness, stabbed his horse to death.—This gentleman pretended to be a great republican; but with all his whooping and hurraing for America and Liberty, he would much rather, at any time, give his money to a distiller for whiskey to get drunk with, than to his country (in the *lightest tax*) to suppport the best government on earth. The sheriff, whose name was John Fisher, after much indulgence of him, chiefly because of the poverty of his family, seeing him amidst a group of topers round the door of a tippling shop, spoke to him for his taxes. Collier had not a cent. 'Why your cheeks seem to be quite *red* and *full,* Mr. Collier, where do you get money for that?'

'*That's none of your look out,*' replied Collier, very roughly.

Very true, answered Fisher; but it is my look out to have the taxes; and unless you pay me at once, I'll *distress* you.

At this, Collier, who was more than *half shaved,* gave a loose to his tongue, and most scurrilously abused the sheriff, who, in return, became so enraged, that he would instantly have beaten him, had he not been withheld by the company.

Collier continued to inflame his blood with strong drink till near night, when with assistance, he mounted his horse to go home. He was accompanied by one of his neighbours, who states that as he rode along, he was constantly abusing the sheriff, John Fisher; breaking out upon him every now and then, at a most dreadful rate. 'Threaten to whip me, heh! yes to whip me! a pretty story indeed! But I'll

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let him know that I can buy and sell him, and all his *seed*, *breed*, and *generation*.'

Thus he continued *raving* and *cursing* as he went home. Just before he got to the house, he leaped to the ground and drew his knife; then turning to his horse, and throwing himself into the posture of a fighting master, with brandished arms across, and a furious look, he bawled out to his horse, '*Now then, come on master sheriff! come on, I say, master sheriff, John Fisher! Here I am, cut and dry for you, you gallows-looking rascal. You threatened you would whip me, did'nt you! well then why don't you come on now, and make your words good? Oh ho! you stand still, master sheriff, do you? Well, clear me of the law then, and here's at you for the first*

blow, you sheep-stealing scoundrel!'—And thereupon, with hard gnashed teeth, and the looks of a perfect FURY, he flew at his horse, and buried his knife in his throat!!

This he did several times, repeating at each blow, '*take that! and that! and that too, you scape-gallows rascal.*'

Drained of his blood which gushed from him in torrents, the poor unoffending animal laid down and expired.

As Collier staggered in at his door, he called to the informant, '*come along! come along! get a drink of grog.*' Poor Mrs. Collier's countenance wore a settled melancholy. At sight of her husband in his old drunken *trim*, she heaved a deep sigh, which was succeeded by a shriek, on discovering that his hands and clothes were all stained with blood. '*Oh my God!* she exclaimed, '*what's the matter? what's the matter?*'

To this, shrugging up his shoulders with a grin of vast self conceit, he chuckled out, '*what's the matter! what's the matter, eh, go ask Mr. sheriff John Fisher; he'll tell 'm a little about it.—Heigh, neighbour! hav'nt I done over one of the rascally sheriffs.*'

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Supposing that her husband had murdered the sheriff, she began to fill the house with her cries; and her children joining their cries with her's, rendered the scene truly distressing.

Here the informant interposed, and begged Mrs. Collier to moderate her grief, for that things were not so bad as she feared, as Mr. Collier had not killed the *sheriff*, but only his *own horse!*

'*Oh my God*,' replied she, clasping her hands and rolling her watery eyes towards her husband—'and have you killed our *only* horse! we could scarcely *make out* with all his help; and now what shall I do for bread for my poor children!'

Hereupon, he darted at her a most furious look, and ordered her to *hold her tongue;* swearing, at the same time, by the terrible name of God, that if she did not, he would instantly serve her the *same sauce.*

'*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*' With this mournful passage from the *funeral* service of the church, a young preacher, *half-shaved*, began to hold forth to a wealthy couple who were standing up before him to be *married!!* For so shocking an offence he not only lost a living of fifteen hundred dollars a year, but so disgusted a young lady, of superior beauty and fortune, whom he was on the point of marrying, that she would never afterwards be seen by him. The wretched young man went and put an end to his life by a phial of laudanum.

But O BELIAL, BELIAL, BELIAL! Thou Devil of WANTONNESS and LUST! who can count the graves which thou hast dug for young men when their youthful blood has been inflamed with fiery liquors! What by rapes and incests; what by impure diseases; what by jealous husbands, and avenging fathers and brothers; great God! what millions have been hurried to their bloody ends.

'*The Lord have mercy upon us*,' cried I to young Colonel Milton as we travelled through the piney woods, near Waynesborough, Georgia, "*is that a human skull, which I see on yonder pole, with filthy buzzards perched around it?*"

'Yes, sir,' replied he with a sigh, 'tis the head of a young Negro fellow who, fired with whiskey, attempted near this spot to violate a white girl, and afterwards beat her, as he thought, to death. Providentially one of the neighbours passing by, heard her groans, and went to her assistance. She lived long enough to tell the name of her murderer, who was apprehended and hung on that tree.'

But oh the INFAMY! the RUIN! the HELL! that yawn at the feet of the drunkard! See yon tall, sturdy youth, standing upon his coffin; a cap over his eyes; and his hands tied behind him, waiting in terror the command of the sheriff to drive the cart from under him, and to launch him into an awful eternity. 'Tis a young man of Loudon county, Virginia. He is about to die the death of a dog for attempting, when drunk, to violate an old woman aged eighty-one years!!!

Merciful God, what a spectacle! a small man of gray locks, half naked, bound to a bedstead, weltering in his blood, and with dying breath, striving, tho' in vain, to pacify a *huge drunken wretch*, who

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with a drawn sword is very leisurely stabbing him to death. The unfortunate sufferer is a man of large family, and (save this sin *of drunkenness*) a most amiable character, a Colonel of militia, Lancaster county. Returning from a *muster* of his regiment, he passes near the door of his murderer, a stout soldier belonging to his regiment. Thinking his Colonel *too drunk* to get home that night, the soldier takes him down from his horse, lays him on one of only two beds that he has in his house, and leaving him asleep, sets off to a frolic in the neighbourhood. In the morning he returns quite drunk; his wife tells him that in the night the Colonel had made an attempt on her honour. Fired with the double fury of jealousy and rum, the wretch wakes up the poor sleeping Colonel, binds him hand and foot to the bedstead, draws his sword, and very deliberately pierces him to death with fifty mortal stabs. The barbarian did not survive the Colonel long. Getting drunk, he attempted to beat a little Irishman at Killmarnock. The furious little Hibernian snatched a bottle, and with all his might drove it at his head, with '*you d—n'd murdering villain, take that!*' The bottle, shivering against his skull into a thousand pieces, divides the temporal artery; he falls to the floor, and in a tide of blood and filty vomiting, gives up his wretched ghost. Nor did *his murderer* survive *him* long. Going to Norfolk by water, he got *drunk*, and staggering about on the quarter deck, he was knocked overboard by the gibing of the boom, and drown'd.

The STUPID or TORPID stage.

By *this* stage of the great disease of drunkenness, I mean that last and woful state, wherein the wretched patient, long fired to *madness* with strong drink, after whole hours of alternate ranting, roaring, cursing, singing, dancing, hugging, fighting, and a thousand other brutal excesses, comes at last to a halt, from *mere weakness;* and then, as puffing and panting, with blowzy locks, livid cheeks, blood-shotten eyes, and foaming mouth, he totters about over the floor; he still continues to cut his capers, but they are evidently the capers of a poor wretch nearly spent. Sometimes with imminent danger of pitching upon his head, he stumbles forward a few steps—thence rallying by a sudden effort, he falls back as many.—Now taking a lurch to the *right*, he blunders on as though he would ram his skull against the wall—then by a lucky catch, saving his bacon, he bears away to the *left*, bending down as alarmingly on that tack also—By and bye, contrary to all expectation, recovering his perpendicular, he looks around him with a grin of vast self-complacency, and triumphantly exclaims—'*Ah ha! you thought you had me did'nt you? But egad! I'll show you a trick worth two of that.* Then, as if struck with a sudden sense of his degraded state, his countenance falls, and blank with conscious guilt and shame, he pauses a troubled moment; but putting on a bold face and darkening his brow, and stamping on the floor, he begins to mouth and rant again as if he would still be a GREAT MAN. But alas! the cursed sorceress, Whiskey, like Sampson's Delilah, has shaved the bristles of his strength, and, like a bleeding Jocky Pig, it is now all holiday with his sinking powers.

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His tongue trips and stammers—his head nods—his eyes are heavy —his looks swinishly stupid—he reels—he staggers—at length, unable to bear up any longer under the weight of his own beastly carcase, down he comes with a squelch on the first chair or bench, and rolling himself against the next prop, (no odds to him whether it be a tar barrel, a molasses hogshead, or a sop jar) there with his chin

to his breast and his head swung on one shoulder, he falls to snoring—the whiskey in the mean time oozing from his eyes, and the saliva dribbling from his wide opening mouth. Presently, sickening under the vile drench that's upon his stomach, he begins to make wry faces—he twists and turns—he grunts and groans, with constant hiccups and eructations, till at once half starting up, and reaching forwards with both arms outspread, and horribly squawling, up he throws the filthy torrent, flooding the floor around him; then pale and limber as a rag, and miserably groaning, like a dying calf, down he sprawls into the midst of it all, and sinks to sleep! not only a filthier beast by far than any in the styes, but with all so perfectly paralized and helpless, that he lies at the *mercy of every danger*, and is frequently destroyed by such trivial accidents as would not have injured a *sober pig*.

—— Bell, a drunken schoolmaster, Spotsylvania, *staggering* homewards from a grog-shop, fell into Mott's run and was drowned, in water not a foot deep!

Sarah Nelson, Lincoln county, lying dead drunk on the floor, took fire and was burnt to death, and like Jezebel was devoured by her own dogs.

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—— Totty, Chester county, S. C. tumbling, *beastly drunk*, into their pen, was eaten up by his own hogs.

—— M'Intosh, Georgia, staggering to a friend's house, perished in a dark valley, and was partly devoured by the buzzards when his friends found him.

In short, oh young reader, give yourself up to drunkenness, and you are in the very '*valley and shadow of death!*'

I. THE VILEST HORSE-THIEF CAN HANG YOU.

'*Here, my good friend, hold my horse a moment, 'till I cut a twig from yonder copse,*' said Bryan, the famous horse-thief to a *drunken* fellow on the road, giving him at the same time the reins of a jaded horse which he had stolen. Scarcely was Bryan snug in the copse, before the owners of the horse came up, challenged their beast, and supposing the fellow's drunkenness to be nothing but a *sham*, took him along with them and had him committed to jail. The next day, when sober and come to his *senses*, the fellow swore like a Turk that he knew nothing of the matter; but it availed him nought, for at the following assizes he was *tried, condemned, and hung.*

II. THE BASEST MONEY-FORGER CAN HANG YOU.

'*Will I trade for a horse? Yes will I, and for a dozen of them too, if we can but agree about the price.*' So spake a famous *note forger*, to a silly countryman whom he met with *three* horses, near a tavern. They alighted and went in. Our young counterfeiter soon agreed to take all his horses, but artfully delayed the payment until he had got his chap *drunk*, and then paid him off in false notes. The countryman staggered home, prodigiously pleased with the great sales which he had made; but going to town the next day to trade, he was taken up and committed, for issuing *bad money;* and being unable to *prove* of whom he got it, he was executed.

III. THE DARKEST ASSASSIN MAY HANG YOU.

'*Accursed villain!*' said an English judge, his eyes flashing fire, to a Captain Tomkins of the Queen's guards, who stood arraigned for murder—'*dare you plead not guilty? Is not that your sword, and was it not found in the body of the deceased?*'

In spite of all the Captain's protestations of innocence, he was *hung!* Three years after this, a malefactor sentenced to die, confessed under the gallows, that it was he who committed the murder for which Captain Tomkins was executed. He said, that pursuing along the street at midnight a man who had offended him, and happening to overtake him near the *lamp* where Captain Tomkins lay *drunk*, he snatched the Captain's sword and plunged it into the heart of the wretch whom he was pursuing.

IV. YOUR OWN SISTER MAY HANG YOU.

"*Hallo! hallo! what's all this, gentlemen, what's all this?*" exclaimed a drunken young Londoner, just roused from his sleep by the sheriff and his posse rushing into his chamber.

'Unfortunate wretch!' replied the sheriff, 'dare you affect surprise when your father lies murdered and your iron poker and clothes sprinkled with his blood, so clearly prove you the author of this horrid act?' The young man leaped from his bed and with tears declar-

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ed his ignorance of the affair; but the Judge quickly pronounced his sentence; and he was swung up to the gallows-tree amidst the curses of thousands.

In a few months, his only sister, on her death-bed of *despair*, voluntarily charged herself as the authoress of the bloody deed. It appeared that a young gentleman, to whom she was very partial, had often declared that he would marry her, if her father would give her only a thousand pounds. Her *father* refused, and settled his whole estate, which was large, on this drunken young son; which filled her with such mortal rage that she resolved to destroy them both out of her way. With this view, she stepped at an early hour into the chamber of her brother, and dressing herself in his clothes, took the iron poker, went down stairs, murdered her father; and then replaced the bloody instrument and clothes by the bedside of her brother, who was all the time *sound asleep*, soaking and sweating out the *wine* and *brandy* of his last night's debauch. Thus did God suffer this wretched young man to be brought to a shameful end by his own sister, as a just judgment on him, for his beastly drunkenness.

CASE XXV. Of Peter and John Hay, South Carolina, who, in the stupid stage of drunkenness, were burnt to death.

(Communicated by my worthy old friend, Col. Thomas Taylor, father of the Hon. Col. Taylor, of the Senate of the United States.)

These gentlemen, Peter and John Hay, were brothers. John was a batchelor, but Peter was married, and had a child. Their prospects in life were highly promising. By wisely improving the fruits of their father's labours, they were growing rich, and by freely imparting of their riches in acts of hospitality, they had rendered themselves very dear to all their neighbours. John, the youngest and single brother, lived with his father; but Peter and his wife, with their little son, lived by themselves. But though for convenience sake they had chosen different houses to live in, yet might it well be said of them that they lived together. For their houses were not farther apart than just served for a pleasant walk, which was almost every day indulged, either by the old gentleman going over to see and play with his little grandson, or by his mother, fondly carrying the child over to prattle with his grandfather. Shaded by the rustling trees, and fanned by every breeze of summer, their houses stood on the graceful ridge that bounds on the north the great valley of the Congaree, while broad below, and far stretching to the river, lay their fruitful fields, covered over with bursting pods of cotton, white as the driven snow: and on either side a wilderness of corn, with lusty shocks, gratefully pointing to the clouds that filled their horns. The silver flood that embosomed their plantation was stored with fish and wild fowl of many a savoury sort. Their numerous herds poured them forth milk in foaming pails full, with butter and cheese in abundance; while from the flowers that perfumed both field and forest, the ever busy bees, still supplied them, yearly, with hives of luscious honey-comb.

Ah, FAVOURED FAMILY! the reader is ready to exclaim, THRICE FAVOURED, whose lines are cast in such pleasant places! Sure they

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will improve the bounty of their God, *and secure* to themselves a felicity proportionate to such opportunities. Doubtless each morn, mild as it opens, will attest their waking joys; and every day, bright as it rolls along, will mark their cheerful toils; crowning with gratitude each mercy of the present life, and looking forward with hope to the better blessings of the next. Such was the result to have been hoped for, and such, indeed, to have been expected, by all who beheld their distinguished lot. But alas! what avails it to put good into the hands of those who know not its worth? *Wisdom* to understand our benefits, and gratitude to adore the Benefactor; these are the only *essentials* of happiness. But alas! Peter and John Hay possessed not these essentials.

'Knowledge, to *them*, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time had ne'er displayed.'

They considered not the many gloomy regions of the earth, bound in eternal ice and snow; how then could they enjoy their own favoured clime, where genial nature crowns the copious year with fruits and golden grain?

They considered not the many fairest regions of the globe, starved by the unfeeling kings; how then could they prize that EQUAL GOVERNMENT, where the same blest law protects the peasant and the president, and where every good citizen with his children, enjoys, undisturbed, the harvest which their own cheerful toils have raised?

And still less did they consider HIM, the GREAT AUTHOR of all, whom, in all his wond'rous works, to contemplate with ever admiring, every adoring delight, constitutes our only heaven upon earth. For lack of this, what wonder they should have turned to the garbage of the world—and disappointed *there of true* pleasure, what wonder they should have seized the *false pleasures* of the intoxicating cup?

Great was the grief of their neighbours, when they beheld these young men yielding themselves up the slaves of drunkenness, and for so ignoble a vice tarnishing the lustre of their long respected names,

But greater still the grief of their aged sire. Lovely in his eyes had shone the cheeks of his boys all reddened over with the roses of youth. To see those dear cheeks inflamed, though with but an innocent fever, had often wrung his heart; then, oh, how passing the bitterness of death, to see them swollen and ghastly red with drunkenness! Divorced from the world by his gray hairs, he had wisely confined himself to the society of his children, fondly hoping in their affections to forget the *world's neglect;* in *their* bloom to see his youth renewed; and in their virtues his own name immortalized. Ah! who but a parent could conceive his grief, when he saw those dearest hopes of nature all blasted forever! With cheeks bathed in tears, he sat in the silence of his silver locks, going down in sorrow to his grave.

But there was one whose grief was far more pungent still—I mean the young wife of Mr. Peter Hay. Wedded to her husband by the tenderest ties of love, and therefore "tremblingly alive," to his interest and honour, the first time she saw her husband deformed with

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drunkenness, she turned pale with terror. Her fears, however, at first were soothed with hope. But when she found that in spite of all her tears, and all his own promises, he still continued, time after time, to come home stupefied and staggering with drink, she yielded herself up to despair. Like a young widow, by her husband's grave, she sat by his drunken bed-side, deeply revolving her early blasted hopes, and the sad change that had passed, in her late happy family.

Till of late he had always returned from *Court* with looks brightened with the double joy of conscious innocence and love--till of late, with her little son in her hand, she had always flown to welcome his return and accompany him to the parlour. There, leaning on his bosom, and her boy in his lap, she was wont to listen, delighted, to his sprightly voice, as often embracing them both, and with mingled kisses, he related the pleasant occurrences of the day.

But now alas! those happy scenes are no more. Now, whenever he comes home, 'tis in a reeling gait, and his face darkened with the sullen frown of conscious guilt, or spread over with the broad grin of stupid drunkenness.

Returning from court one night, rather more drunk than usual, he had not strength to gain the door, but tripping at the last step, he fell forward sprawling into the piazza. The fulness of his stomach, together with the shock of so heavy a fall, brought on a nausea and vomiting.

His little son was not yet put to bed, though the hour was late, but

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stood heavy-eyed and nodding at the knees of his mother, who, with aching heart, was sitting up, waiting for her husband's return. Hearing the noise of his heavy fall, as just mentioned, and suspecting what it was, she cried out, '*Oh, my God!*' and snatching a candle, ran to the door. Her little son followed. On reaching the door, she beheld a spectacle too loathsome to be presented before the fancy of an ordinary reader—what then for the eyes of an affectionate wife? Her husband sprawling on the floor, floating in his own filthy vomiting, and the air filled with the fumes of much abused whiskey.

The next morning, red faced and snoring like an apoplectic patient, he lay till late. Poor Mrs. Hay, pale and deeply sighing, left her sleepless bed, and leading her little son by the hand, walked down stairs, sad and silent, to the parlour. The child had not yet learned to know the cause of this change, but he felt that the present morning was not joyful like the past, and he wept.

The breakfast-table was set, and lovely shone the snow-white diaper, covered with a set of the purest china, and teapots and sugar dishes of solid silver. On the marble hearth glittered a coffee-pot of the same precious metal, with plates of high-piled toast and butter; while the fire unconscious of its master's dishonour, in ruddy flames encircled the crackling hickory, and with cheerful blazes mounted high above the polished andirons.

But nothing could divert the settled melancholy of poor Mrs. Hay. With her child at her knees, and her forehead leaning on the back of the chair, like a statue dumb with grief, she sat, regardless of all but her own hapless lot—her husband's sore disgrace, and the big ruin impendent over herself and child. And often, as borne along the stream of mournful thought, she would groan so deep, and heave such piercing sighs, enough to break one's heart; then stooping down at times to her boy, she would kiss and strain him to her lap, watering his cheeks the while with her scalding tears.

About 12 o'clock, her husband came down stairs, and in sullen silence entered the chamber—but, oh how changed from the temperate and elegant Mr. Hay, of six months ago! who ever saw him then, bright in the pure robes of innocence and joy, without adoring the charm of virtue? who could see him now, long bearded and frowzy, with red eyes and carbuncled face, but must lift the pitying eye, and sighingly exclaim, '*alas! my brother.*'

Poor Mrs. Hay! she marked the woful change, and wept. The child ran and stretched his little arms to his father, who took him up and kissed him.

'O Pa!' said the lisping angel, with his arms around his neck, 'you don't know how I did cry for you last night, Pa.'

'Cry for me, my baby, what made you cry for me?'

'O Pa, I did cry for you because you were so sick, Pa—what did make you so sick, Pa?'

He could make no answer to his son, but, deep blushing and confused, looked up to his wife.

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The words of the child, with the guilty looks of her husband, overcame her, then from eyes rolling in tears, she gave him a melting look, and suddenly turning aside her face, bursted into a loud cry.

Hearing the cries of his mother, the child slipped from his father's lap, and running to her knees, joined his artless cries with her's. The scene was too much for poor Mr. Hay—pale and silent with anguish, he got up and went to the door, and there as he wiped the trickling tears from his face, a thousand and a thousand times did he wish to God he was dead. Her tears flowed afresh. Moved by her cries, he went and sat down by her side, and embraced her. But alas! it was not that fond and hearty embrace in which conscious innocence is wont to clasp its beloved object. 'Twas the sad approach of guilt to innocence—constrained and shy.

With her face still turned away, she continued to weep. He intreated her to be composed—assuring her that this was the *last time;* for that he would never give her cause of sorrow any more. Hereupon, turning towards him, and throwing her arms round his neck, with her cheeks on his bosom bathed with tears, she cried aloud, 'Oh, my husband! don't promise so any more. How often have you promised me so before; and yet you go on to break my heart. You wish *you were dead;* Oh! it is I who ought to wish so. Indeed, I do wish so; and were it not for my child, glad should I be to die this very night. Yes but for the pain of leaving him a poor motherless babe, gladly would I lie down and part with all my sorrows this night in the grave.

At this he tenderly embraced and kissed her, repeated his assurances that he would never, *never more*, give her cause of grief. 'Besides,' continued he, 'I am the person that ought to weep, and not you. I am the one that has played the *fool* and disgraced myself; but *you*, innocent and good as you are, what cause have you of grief.'

'Oh, my God!' said she, eagerly looking at him, 'how little do you know of my heart. I was young when I married you,—was called handsome, and thought *rich;* what then could have induced me to make you my husband, but affection. How then, without distraction, can I see the dishonour that you are bringing upon yourself, as also, the certain ruin of myself, and your poor unoffending child—'

'O no! my dear,' rejoined he, interrupting her, 'that I deny. I agree I do *dishonour* myself, and am truly ashamed of it; but as to bringing ruin upon you, and our dear child, that's all out of the question; thank God, I shall keep clear enough of that.'

'Oh, my dear husband,' replied she, 'I pray you, for God's sake, don't feed yourself up any more with that hope. It is a fatal, fatal hope, that has ruined *thousands*, and will, I awfully fear, ruin you and your family too. How hard is it for a man to *thrive* with all his industry and wits about him! then how can it be done by one who is stupified and palsied by hard drink? you know, that

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after a single night's debauch, you are *sick* for several days and unfit for business; and even when you return to it again, it is not with that delight which you formerly manifested in it. And that makes me mourn, to think what a sad change has taken place in you in that respect. Formerly you seemed never happy but at home. Myself and your little son, with your plantation and the improvement of it, seemed to make all your paradise. It appeared as though you wanted nothing more. Your looks bespoke the most perfect contentment and cheerfulness. And, O how often, and how heartily did I thank God, that while so many other husbands were not satisfied with their wives, you were so well satisfied with me; that while so many other husbands were constantly running to taverns and company for pleasure, you appeared to look for pleasure no where but in me and your little family. But now, alas! that for which I so often pitied others, is come upon me also. You seem never to be happy with us now. When you stay at home it seems only to be, that you may get well of your sickness; and as soon as you are well again, you appear wretched at home. Your vivacity is gone. Contentment has left your countenance. You sit silent, or mope about as if you wanted something you cannot find at home. And then you order your horse, and go away, leaving me here, with my little son, to solitude and distraction. Oh, my God! how can I bear to drag out life, weeping and broken hearted as I have been ever since you took to this fatal course. Oh, when I look back to the happy days so lately past—when I think how enviable above all women was my lot—my dear husband, young, handsome, and affectionate—my estate ample, and still becoming more so by his virtues—and my little son daily growing up the sweet and smiling image of his father.

'This, but a few short months ago, was my prospect; all bright with honour and happiness. But, oh! where is it now?—all overcast and darkened forever! I have no comfort, no hope in any thing around me. If I look at you my heart bleeds—your face is bloated, your eyes are red, your whole air is melancholy and sad. If I look at my son it sets my heart a bleeding, he is so changed; he never plays now as he did. You, who once so delighted in him, have forsaken him. I am always weeping. He feels himself a poor forlorn child, and often comes and stands at my knees, and cries as if he would break his heart. And indeed, were he to smile and laugh, he would set me a crying to think what evils are coming upon him. I see gamblers and sharpers crowding around you, pressing you to drink, getting you *tipsy*, winning your money, and then taking your notes. I never look at you riding away from the house but I feel a deadly sickness at heart. I feel a sad foreboding that I shall never see you again. A thousand times a day do I see you killed by your horse, or drowned in the deep waters, or dying of some of those deaths, by which men in their cups generally perish. Then I see the creditors coming to tear every thing from us—selling all over our heads—and turning my

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poor boy and myself out of house and home, to starve or beg. Oh my God! my God! why was I ever born; or why did I not die before I ever came to see such woful days as these!'

Here she bursted into piercing cries, which quickly ended in a strong hysteric fit. Her husband poor wretch! in the mean time stood looking on, sobbing and blubbering, and promising great amendments.

For a few days he kept his promise; which sprung a fresh dawn of hope in the bosom of this excellent woman. But alas! all his promised reformation was but as the morning dew before the burning sun. At the very next court he was ensnared by a pack of gamblers, who getting him tipsy, won his money, horse, saddle, bridle, and great coat! Some short time afterwards on his way from Charleston, where it was understood he had received a sum of money, he was decoyed by the same gang of sharpers, who got him drunk and won 800 dollars of him. In this way he would no doubt have broken his wife's heart, and beggared his boy, had not God in his mercy prevented it, by suddenly taking him away, and also his brother John, and in a manner which I pray God, may strike a wholesome terror in the hearts of all who read this awful story.

Their fields near the river, as I have said, brought forth plenteously, insomuch that, like the man in the gospel, they began to be at a loss where '*to bestow their fruits and their goods*;' I will not say that they *pulled down their old barns*, but it is certain they built a large new barn, in one end of which they finished an apartment for their overseer. In this apartment they found their destruction. Fearing to get drunk at home, and yet so enslaved to strong drink that they could not live without it, they came to the resolution to keep a jug of rum in their barn. On a cold and very windy morning in March, they went down at an early hour to the barn; and using the cold as a plea for a dram, they went on *draming it and draming it*, till they got perfectly drunk, and fell down without sense or motion on the floor. In this awful moment the house took fire! owing, as was said, to the carelessness of an old negro woman who had hobbled that morning, with her pipe in her mouth, into the barn, which contained a large quantity of heckled hemp. The first thing that struck the attention of the negroes, at work in the fields, as also of old Mr. Hay and his excellent daughter-in-law, was a prodigious smoke issuing in black volumes from the barn. Instantly from all parts of the plantation there was a violent running together of the family, white and black, to save the barn. But all alas! too slow; for scarcely had they got half way, before they beheld the flames bursting out from all sides of the building, with a noise like thunder. Though aghast with horror and despair, they still continued to run as fast as they could toward the dreadful conflagration, and there, around the raging element, amidst mingled shrieks and screams, nothing was to be heard but, "*Where is young*

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masters? Oh, my Children! my Children! My Husband! Oh, my Husband! Oh, Pa! Pa! Pa!"

Presently they were presented with a spectacle almost too shocking to relate. Through the red billowy flames, which, driven by the fury of the wind, had now completely encircled the apartment, and bursted open the door, they distinctly beheld these wretched brothers lying, dead-drunk and helpless on the floor, and the fire rapidly seizing on every thing around them. Like one distracted, poor Mrs. Hay rushed to the fire to save her husband; but the forbidding flames, with scorching blast on her face, struck her back senseless and suffocated to the ground.

The negroes, too, roused to the utmost by their strong sympathies, made many daring efforts. to save their young masters, but in vain, for after getting miserably scorched, they were compelled to give them up; and with bleeding hearts, to behold the vengeful flames kindling upon them. Owing to the rarefying effects of the violent heat, their STOMACHS being filled with rum and fixed air, were seen suddenly to rise to an enormous size, then bursting, with a noise loud as a musket, their bowels gushed out into the devouring flames. Built of combustible materials, the barn was quickly reduced to ashes, which being speedily swept away by the violence of the wind, left the *hapless pair* lying side by side, *pale chalky skeletons* on the whitened earth.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus lips that do with brandy burn,
Shall never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance, shall consume
The whiskey-loving tongue.

No wonder that the Almighty points his cannon so fearfully against drunkenness. For surely if there be a sin under Heaven that tends to *petrify the heart*, to banish love, and to render man tenfold more a child of Hell than any other sin, it is drunkenness.

All sin, we agree, hardens the heart, and drives away that GRACE which comes to rock the cradle of our infant virtues. All sin, we agree, like water on fire, quenches the spirit, and puts out the flame of our better loves. But drunkenness is a FLOOD that drowns the whole moral birth of the soul, suffocating the very '*storgees of nature*,' those deep-rooted affections which the beasts themselves delight to obey.

Has the dog, for example, a family of puppies, of helpless trembling young ones, who hang on her for nourishment? See how diligently she progs, how bravely she dares for their sakes. Though far distant from them, she still hears their cries, and soon as she

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has won the welcome supply of food, she flies back to them again to warm and suckle them.

But, oh my God! to see man, drunken man—not brutalized, but *devilized* by whiskey, to see how differently he can act. Instead of thus flying out on hard and hazardous excursions of love for his *wife and children*, he seldom ever budges abroad for them, or indeed leaves his seat except to stagger every fifteen minutes to the sideboard for *another drink of grog*. And instead of flying back again to them on wings of love, he is often known to spend whole days and nights at a tavern or grog shop, within a mile or two of an excellent wife and family, without ever once going or sending, to know how they do!!! And no wonder, considering how he has been employed all the while; as may be seen by the following tavern charge:

Col. A—— B—— to Thomas C—— D—— Dr.

April 1st, 1812.

To 3 Mint-slings before breakfast,	25	75
1 Breakfast,		50
9 Tumblers of grog before dinner,	12½	1 12½
3 Glasses wine and bitters,	12½	37½
Dinner and Club,		1 25
2 Ticklers of French brandy,	25	50
Segars,		25
Supper and wine,		1 25
		$6 00

making, in *one week*, upwards of forty dollars.

And for all this waste of their substance, the brave Colonel carries home to his wife and children nothing but a *red nose!* which they cannot help answering with *cold looks*. Grumly he notices it, and, after much bitter abuse and cursing, sends off to the store for another jug of rum, and perhaps for some drunken wretches to come and help him to drink it. In the angry or melancholy looks of his wife and children, whenever they come into his presence, he reads what they think of him. And indeed, what can a woman and children think of a husband and parent, who is daily dragging them down to poverty and disgrace? Thus a scolding wife and pouting children do naturally follow in the train of a drunkard. He knows it; and this makes him drink the harder. First he swallows all the spare grain and fodder on his plantation—then he falls upon his flocks and herds—after that upon his negroes—and after that his land, selling even the bones of his poor old father and mother for whiskey. Well, what's next to go to pot? Why, if he be an Indian or an African drunkard, he falls boldly on his wife, and sells her—and then, one after another, sells his children!! And though a christian drunkard does not go quite so far—thanks to the laws, not to him—yet he goes as far as he can. He guzzles

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down every dollar of his children's property. That beautiful farm, with all its gardens, and orchards, and meadows! that handsome house, and stables, and chariot and horses, all means of independent and comfortable living to his family!—Nay, their harpsicords, their books, and all other noble helps to enlighten, to polish, and to exalt the souls of his children to wisdom, virtue, and happiness, temporal and eternal; all, all converted into whiskey, must go down his insatiable throat! thus enslaving his children to ignorance and vice, to stroll about the country as young blackguards, or indented to frugal relations, too often *to catch horses, or run errands* in the place of costlier *negro boys.*

But savage as this conduct of the drunkard may appear, it is not at all to be wondered at. It is but the natural working of that extreme wretchedness which his sin has brought upon him. For example, look at yon miscreant, who, after his night's debauch, has just got up. Had you but heard how hard he breathed as he lay, you would have supposed the poor man far gone in the asthma. And from his miserable grunting and groaning, even the doctor would have pronounced him in a bad way—however, after much straining and squalling, after much hawking, spitting, and vomiting, he at length made shift to crawl out of bed. But, oh heavens, what

a spectacle! What a poor, spiritless, crest-fallen wretch! Where are now his last night's cheeks, so plump and florid? where his eyes, that sparkled so bright and funny? his whole soul so gay, jocose, and romping, that not a word could drop, but instantly he would cap it with a smart repartee, or double entendre—no catch could

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come across his thought, so smutty, but straight he would strike up and sing it—no man could come near him, but he would seize and dance him over the floor—no girl could enter the room, but he was for hugging and kissing her, like a young lover. But where is he now? What is become of all his bloom, his gaiety and merriment? Alas! 'twas all but the spurt of an artificial fire lighted up by whiskey, sparkling and glowing along his nerves. But now that his fire is all burnt out, and his heat and spirits evaporated, he is for all the world like an old prostitute without her laudanum and paint.

His face, alas! has lost its red!
His cheeks their burning hue,
Ragged and wat'ry is his nose,
But ah! that nose how blue!

And there, just crawled from his bed, he stands, the ghastly image of disease, debility and distress—his head nearly as big as two heads—his face and snout tremendously prominent; and his hair pointing in all directions, rough and wild as a frightened mop. And then such a *tun* of *belly* swaggering down on such shrivelled thighs and spindle shanks, sufficient to spread a grin even over a gambler's chops, but that the beast appears much too miserable to be laughed at. For ah! do but see how he stands, or rather bends, by his bed-side, puffing and weezing (the natural effect of strong drink) as though he had the croup—and so chilled with cold, now that his rum fever is off, poor devil! that he has not the spirit to dress himself, but there he stoops, shrunk up and trembling like a newly-foaled colt—while his darkly knitted brows and big red eyes, piteously rolling around him, seem to cry out—'*Ah cold!—cold!—cold!—bitter cold. Oh for a dram! For God's sake, a dram! For I must drink or die.*'

Now, suppose a bottle of rum placed before the devouring eyes and eager grasp of such an undone and desperate brute as this—his blood cold—his nerves broke down—his stomach gnawing—his head shaking—his knees knocking—his whole frame trembling—'*going! going! into an ague going!*' Suppose, I say, a bottle of rum placed in reach of such a WRETCH, and say, what would become of this GREAT WORLD and all the RACE OF MEN upon it, if it lay at the mercy of HIS THROAT.

Is it then to be wondered at, that after swallowing up house and land, and negroes and cattle, he should, without remorse, snatch the bread from his children's mouths for *whiskey* to heat his blood and stomach, and to save him from all the chilling, gnawing, and palsied curses of frigid sobriety?

A poor woman of Vansville, Maryland, is afflicted with one of these brutes, who, after drinking up all the substance of the family, has settled down into that abominable stupidity and sulkiness which characterize a thorough-gone drunkard—sitting all day long

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in the shade, or in the sun at the door, sour and sullen as a bear—never looking at his children but in anger—never opening his lips to them but to scold and abuse—and leaving them entirely to their mother, to feed them if in her power, otherwise to let them *starve.*

The complement of children thrown upon the hands of this poor woman was no fewer than four. In her affections, indeed, the poor things had the best security that their little hearts could have wished. But alas! her affections for them were her all, for though her spirit was willing, her means were weak, so very weak, that she was often times made to feel that pang, which only a mother knows, when she hears her chilren's cries for bread, which she has not to bestow. Some short time since, she arose as usual, at day-break, to work for her children, whom she left asleep on the floor; where, like a litter of pigs, they had laid around her, all crowded together for mutual warmth, and but half covered with shreds of old blankets and rugs, the sole remains of her husband's drunkenness—she arose, I said, to work for her children, but with a bleeding heart to think she had not a dust of meal in the house, nor a potatoe, nor even a turnip, to put into their little mouths when they should awake and cry for something to eat. Presently, the trying scene which she so much dreaded began to open. One of the children awaking, immediately got up, rubbing his eyes, and with the tottering steps of infancy, made towards his mother, where she sat carding, and piteously cried for a *piece of bread.* The cries of the *first* disturbed the *second* and the *third*, whose *joint* clamours soon called up the fourth. A most distressing situation this, to a tender mother! to see four half naked children at her knees, in pale countenances and watery eyes, looking up to her, and crying for a little food, of which she had not a morsel, either for them or for herself; and no friend on earth to help her to get any. For her husband, though alive was of no more service to her than if he had been dead; for there, in the sun at the door, he sat—ragged and dirty—in a long beard and his arms folded together on his breast, as stupid and destitute of all the feelings of a parent, as a stock or a stone. For several hours this distressing scene continued—of ceaseless cries on the part of the children for *bread, bread, bread;* and on her's, of alternate promises and threatenings; and, sometimes when their clamours were most importunate, of scolding and of slaps. But this only served to double her own torments, to see her poor children writhing in pain under a blow from their mother's hand, and only for crying to her for that which their starving necessities required. Then with bursting grief she would snatch them to her bosom, pressing their cold cheeks to her's, and with kisses, drink up their tears; bidding them *hush*, for, that '*God Almighty would presently send them some bread.*' About twelve o'clock, one of the neighbours whose yarn she had been spinning, and to whom she had contrived to send word that her children were starving, sent her half a bushel of corn. It is not easy to conceive the transports of the poor mother and her children, at the sight of this precious grain,

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which to their hungry eyes appeared to shine with a radiance far beyond that of Eastern gems.

'*Now my sweet babes,*' said the happy mother, '*now we shall have some nice cakes directly.*'

'*O some nice cakes directly, shan't we, Ma!*' replied each exulting babe, as with joy-flushed faces they beheld their mother giving the corn, hastily wrapped in her apron, to their daddy to run therewith to the mill. With sullen silence he received the precious freight at her hands, and placed it on his head, as if to bear it to the mill; but on reaching the foot of the hill, and finding himself out of sight of the poor eager-gazing children, what does the monster do but whips around the hill, and by a back road stepping to the top of it, to a little retail store, *sells the corn for a pint of whiskey!!*

YE STEEP DOWN GULPHS OF LIQUID FIRE! YE BLUE BLAZES OF DAMNATION!——But hush, thou false zeal, hush! and curse not him whom Christ hath commanded you to pray for.

Grown keener now at thought of their dear promised cakes, so long delayed, the poor children soon became more restless than ever, and the torturing cries of *bread! bread! bread!* began again to tear the mother's heart.

'*Hush my dearest creatures, your daddy will soon be back with the meal!*' cried the tender parent to her children, as in their flaxen locks and poor tattered shifts, they stood at the door, impatiently plaining and gazing towards the mill for their father's return. But presently, while the mother sat silent and saddened at her husband's long delay, a dreadful suspicion all at once racked her brain. *Oh my God!* she exclaimed, with a deep sigh, and eyes lifted to heaven: then snatching her bonnet she flew up to the hill—and lo, the spectacle! her husband reeling about on the green, before the store door, as drunk as a brewer's hog, but, in his own ranting, swaggering conceit, a far greater man than General Washington!

Among thousands and tens of thousands of similar cases that might be stated, the following case of poor Mary Grovenor, deserves to be remembered: Mary Grovenor, London, was the wife of a *self-made brute:* or rather, as Lord Coke well defines him, 'a *Voluntarius Demon*, or SELF-MADE DEVIL,' who, by hard drinking, reduced both herself and five children to want. But though thus beggared and burthened, yet did she did not despair, but with industry and management, truly admirable, she contrived to support both her children and husband—and without any assistance from him.—Indeed, so far from assisting, he often did her much harm. Sometimes pawning her clothes at the alehouses, and sometimes rifling her trunk of every sixpence and shilling he could find, and which she had prudently laid up to meet a coming debt. One day her brother, a gallant tar, leaving her for sea, gave her five guineas.—The idea struck her, that she would lay it out in purchase of a half ticket in the grand 20,000*l.* State-lottery. Presently the lottery began drawing; and her ticket came out a prize of 10,000*l.* sterling!!

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Though poor, she was the idol of all her neighbours, two of whom, hearing of her good fortune, ran to congratulate her.—They found her at the wash-tub. One infant crowded in the cradle—another crawling on the floor—the three elder were at school—'*O Mrs. Grovenor! Mrs. Grovenor!*' exclaimed her neighbours, '*your ticket! your ticket!*'

Instantly her spirits were all in a flutter; '*What of my ticket?*' eagerly she asked, '*what of my ticket?*'

'*Ten thousand pounds, my dear Madam, a ten thousand pounds prize!* they replied, their looks confirming their speech.

'O thank God! thank God!' she shouted, with loud clapped hands and joy-glistening eyes darted to heaven. Then closely embracing her '*dear neigbours,*' she sunk by them on a chair like one quite overcome and panting with excess of happiness. Her children returning from school, she pressed them to her bosom and bedewed them with her tears. Hearing the uproar, in staggered her husband from the other room, red-eyed, bloated, and bedeviled with strong drink. She flew to meet him—she threw her arms around his neck, and looking at him with great tenderness, she cried out—'*O my husband thank God, thank God with me! brother gave me money for a ticket, and I have drawn ten thousand pounds! So our troubles are all over; our fortune's made forever.*'

'*All a lie!*' replied he very surlily—'*All a d—n'd lie! I have drunk up your ticket!*' Blank and speechless with terror, she stood a *horrid moment;* but suddenly braced with the fond hope, that *he might not have found the ticket,* she flew to her trunk—she snatched her pocket book, and turned to the place where she had hid it—it was gone! the pocket book dropt from her hand; the blood forsook her trembling lips; then darting round upon her husband and children the dry red eye of despair, and pressing her palms against her forehead, with a strong convulsive grasp, she piteously shrieked out, '*O my brain! my poor brain! 'tis done!*' and lost her senses forever.

TRUE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Considering the numberless curses which WHISKEY has brought upon the world—what millions of families it has beggared—what millions of individuals it has murdered—many well-meaning people are ready to wonder how a being so infinitely wise and good as God is, should ever have suffered such a filthy poisonous thing to be discovered. But these well-meaning people should remember, that this world is a place of education of rational creatures for a state of HAPPINESS; and that to Whiskey or ALCOHOL, (whether in the distilled, brewed, or fermented forms) is assigned the task of testing our different schemes of happiness. I say again that in my opinion at least, the grand task of testing the wisdom or folly of our several schemes of happiness is confided to whiskey, that subtle son of fire, whose rare quality it is '*to search the hearts*

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and try the brains of the children of men.' Yea, verily, to whiskey is confided the magic key that unlocks the elements, and exposes the secret things of nature to light.

Put, for example, a little fourth-proof whiskey into a glass tube, and you have what the learned call a *thermometer;* a little magical instrument that shall tell you in a trice the exact temperature of the air; the degree of fever or frost that floats in the atmosphere. In like manner, fill a decanter with whiskey, and put it on a side-board, where gentlemen are sitting, and you shall have a *moral thermometer*, a wondrous fortune-teller, that shall presently let you know who are the *wise* and who are the *foolish;* who the happy and who the miserable among them all. On the *wise and happy*, those, I mean, who *love God*, the thermometer shall tell no ill tales at all; shall produce no manner of change whatever. Such noble characters shall come up and drink and drink again, and yet show *no red eyes* nor *babblings*, no *cursings* nor *fightings*, nor sink a single line below the dignity of their natures. But is there any among them who is *foolish and unhappy?* any, for example, who has lost his money at gambling, or stained his hands with blood in duelling? any who for her pelf has wedded a SCOLD? or in his cups has given large bail for a scoundrel?—is there a lawyer among them who is troubled in mind for having taken a fee to *ruin the widow and the orphan?* or a *Priest*, who, for the loaves and fishes, has bound himself up to the joyless labours of the pulpit?—is there any who lacks a decent suit for his back, or a comfortable dinner for his belly? or who, though fine as a JAY, has no valuable ideas for his *brain*, nor noble loves for his heart?—If there be any such man, that man's in danger from the thermometer.

For, as the silly cat-bird, whose eye is once caught by the rattle-snake, instantly begins to feel the fatal attraction, nor stops until all her polished plumage is ingulphed in slime; so the wretch whose eye has once caught the laughing graces of the white beaded whiskey, suddenly feels a drawing from that beloved cordial, which he cannot resist. Joy dawns in a smile over the gloom of his face. His steps are towards the side-board. He seizes the dear decanter by the neck, and pouring out a *four fingered bumper*, tosses it off with scarcely the grace of a here's to ye, and repeats the stupifying dose, until he loses his legs, and sinks below the brutal point of the thermometer.

Thus you see that the foolish and the wretched all drink. *They drink*, as Solomon wisely observes, '*to forget their sorrow and remember their misery no more.*'

Parents! Legislators! and Preachers! would you make the nation *sober?* make them happy: to make them *happy*, study their nature. Now, man's nature is *threefold.*

I. ANIMAL.
II. INTELLECTUAL.
III. DIVINE.

Therefore to make him happy, which is the only way to keep

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him *sober*, you must give him the pleasures which belong to each of these three parts of his nature. He must have

I. The pleasures of SENSE.

II. The pleasures of KNOWLEDGE.

III. The pleasures of the DIVINE LOVES.

I say again he must have all, all is his birth-right; and it will never do to talk of putting him off with any thing short of all. This were not robbery only, but ruin, for in proportion as he is robbed of his birth-right, he must be miserable, and in proportion as he is miserable, he must be in danger of drunkenness, according to the verdict of Solomon himself.

Now, here lies the root of all our wo; the root of all that brutal excess so common among our youth.—Parents will not consider this vast triune or threefold nature of their sons, and wisely strive to make them happy in each part of the same, but most foolishly confine all their efforts to one part only, and that, too generally, the poorest part, their bodies. They will up and work early and late, and scrape and save in the 'true skin-flint stile' for their boys.—And what's the mighty object! why to get great estates and fine clothes for them, with nice eating and drinking. And when they have done this, they'll shrug and chuckle as though they had given some wonderful display of their own wisdom and their sons' greatness. But presently, alas! the THERMOMETER (the whiskey decanter) comes and exposes both the father's folly and the boy's poverty. For scarcely has the young man got seated in his great house, with all his finery about him, but he falls into his old brown studies again, and shows plainly enough that there is something wanting still, and for lack of knowing, what that something is, and where to find it, he leaves his young wife in tears, and all his grandeur behind him, and gallops off to a horse race, a cock fight, a card-table, and thence at midnight comes ripping and roaring home, drunk as a lord.

Why, then, unconscionable young Cormorant, could not all that suffice? What! with such a plantation and negroes—such a great house and furniture—such a beautiful young wife; and fine clothes; and carpets; and side-boards; and horses; and hounds; and will you still have the concience to go and get drunk, and make yourself a *beast?* But stop my dear sir, I ask your pardon, you are no *beast;* 'tis, I know, a common charge against you, but I acquit you of it with all my heart—No no! 'though oppressed and fallen,' yet are you no beast. You are still a rational being, and more worth than a whole zodiac of beasts. 'Tis true, that *red nose* of yours, with that scratched face and black eye (*the drunkard's coat of arms*) does not sit so well on such fine broad cloth, and silk; and to see the heir apparent of a large estate reeling about, like a drunken Indian, in the court house yard, or fast asleep at nine o'clock in the morning, with his head pillowed upon the hub of an old cart wheel, his Suwarrow boots, and hat, and gold watch, all pilfered from him in the night, is, I confess, a mighty ugly sight.

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But still it proves you are no beast. For if you were a beast sure enough—if your father had but succeeded in making a *monkey* of you, (and his *mere* land and negro education of you had a prodigious squinting that way) you had never come to this. For the monkey, with only a *tythe* of the nice *nugs* that you have, keeps as sober as a judge, while you with the *whole*, and indeed with ten thousand times as much, would still get as drunk as a piper.

The reason of all this is as plain as A, B, C. The poor monkey has but *one* nature; you have *three*. His mere *Animal;* yours, ANIMAL INTELLECTUAL and DIVINE. Where his comes to a full stop, yours is but just stepping off. Animal pleasures alone satisfy *him*, because they go the whole length of his nature; animal pleasures alone can never satisfy you, because they leave *two* parts of your nature still perfectly starved. Give *him* a young wife and a fine jacket with plenty of nuts and cakes, and he wants no whiskey bottle to cure him of the *vapours;* give *you* nothing but these and you become so low spirited as presently to sell your young wife and fine jacket into the bargain, for a *dram* In short, Jacko's sobriety is an evidence of his *mere brutalism*, your drunkenness a proof of the '*divinity that's within you.*' He keeps sober because he is but a high feasted-brute; you get drunk because you are a *half famished angel.* So much 'for training up a child in the way he should *not* go,' in the monkey-like way of animal pleasures; hence for lack of the true pleasures, the pleasures of the *mind*, the poor boy becomes uneasy—feels himself at a loss—goes moping *about the house*—shews the malice and misery of his heart in killing flies; tormenting cats and dogs; throwing stones at the poultry; and whipping the negro children. At length, to '*forget his sorrow, and remember his misery no more,*' he casts a sheep's eye towards the whiskey bottle; and watching his opportunity, while his father's back is turned, he steps up to the side-board, and helps himself to a *dram* or a long pull at the toddy bowl, thus getting himself in fine cue, soon as his old father's head is cold, to broach his cash and scatter abroad his precious dollars much faster than they were ever gathered together.

The SECOND or INTELLECTUAL part.

But here comes another parent, guilty of a very different but just as sad a mistake. '*A plague,*' says he '*upon this way of bringing up a young man like a young monkey*, to mere ANIMAL PLEASURES. *No wonder the curses of drunkenness should follow him. For my part I'll play a better card with my son. His mind is the jewel of his nature, I'll polish that by good education. That's the way to make a man of him. And when he gets to be a great Doctor or Preacher, a Chief Justice or Congressman, he's safe; for then he'll be ashamed to get drunk.*' The good parent, instead of buying land and negroes to make a chuckel-headed sot of his son, sells lands and negroes to make him a bright scholar; contentedly he dwells in a log

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cabin that his son may walk a spacious UNIVERSITY. He hardly allows himself a Bible or a prayer book, but yet buys Latin and Greek authors in abundance for his son, and while he himself is delving on his plantation in humble homespun, his son is strutting about in College in his silk morning gown and slippers. The son improves his opportunities—every mail brings the father glad accounts of his son's wonderful progress—he is always at the head of his class—bears off every prize—comes home laden with diplomas and honours—and whether he reads law, pores over physick, or studies divinity, he is equally brilliant in all; his friends expect great things from him; and the face of his aged father is bright with the joys of hope. But alas! the vile thermometer (the whiskey bottle) comes, and proves the young man a fool in spite of all his learning. For after all he is not happy; but save when spouting on some favorite topic, he is generally silent and sad, and often comes home to his troubled parents with the red swollen face of a toper. Why thou most unconscionable young man, could not all that suffice! What 'MASTER OF LANGUAGES,' 'BACHELOR OF ARTS,' 'EXPOSITOR OF SCRIPTURES,' 'FELLOW OF ROYAL SOCIETIES,' and discontented yet; go and get drunk still! O Heavens, what a golden key to the strong box of truths!

LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY, *half shaved*, we thank you!—Oh ye LD's, MD's, and DD's, *on the staggers*, how we adore you! A Rose-bud, a Carbuncle, or Grog-blossom on your learned snouts is enough. What a compliment to the boundless capacities of man, which can thus drink dry all the rich streams of ANIMAL and INTELLECTUAL pleasures, and yet not say 'tis enough, but after all, go and get drunk for lack of something better still!

The THIRD or DIVINE part.

But where shall we find that *better* something—

'*That something still which heaves the eternal sigh?*' where I ask shall we find it, but in that third and highest heaven of our nature, the heart? And what is to constitute it there? Hear the answer to this all important question, by Christ himself. '*Thou shalt LOVE the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and soul, and thy neighbour as thyself. This do*,' continued he, '*and thou* shalt LIVE!' implying, that this LOVE, as the true LIFE of the soul, imparts to it the divine power of becoming '*one with God himself*,' and of '*taking lot and part*' in every thing that is *his*—his eternal BEAUTIES ravish it with delight—his GLORIES dazzle it into ecstacy—his GRANDEUR fills it with astonishment—his WISDOM overwhelms it with admiration—his GOODNESS melts it into gratitude and esteem unutterable; while from the assemblage of all these his glorious attributes, the soul derives that fulness of love and hope, of resignation and joy, which often render it happier than it can express. And that *next* commandment, '*thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*,' *is*, as our Saviour teaches, '*like unto it*,' in

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its tendency to banish from the heart whatever griefs would lead to drunkenness. For, creatures of our nature, with capacities so vast and desires so boundless; so prone to discontent, and so apt to *envy* all happiness which *we* do not possess, how can we but be unhappy until we learn the Godlike art of partaking in all the happiness of others? And O, what can teach us this Godlike art unless it be that darling attribute of God—LOVE? Give us but *this*, and then, so far from wretched envy and repining at the happiness of others, we shall rejoice in it as heartily as if it were our own. Give us but *this*, and then our hearts like heaven-made instruments of music, possess a golden chord ready to sound in sweetest unison with every one's joy that we see. Give us but *this*, and then, like heavenly Chamelions we shall not only put on the *colour* but also enter into the joys of all the prosperous persons around us. No man can become rich without our rejoicing in his riches; and no man can become good and happy but we are sure to be made better and happier on his account. And now, when arrived to this state, a man is arrived to the high and happy state for which he is created—the infinite void in his soul is completely filled up—and all those immortal desires, which could never find suitable good under the sun, nay, which, as in the cases of Solomon, Cæsar, Alexander, Bonaparte, could swallow whole worlds and yet weep for more; now, I say, these immortal desires are all fully gratified, being thus restored to their SUMMUM BONUM, or true rest, and indulged like divine fishes, to sport at large in the boundless ocean of their great Creator's perfections. Hence we find that God himself makes this the '*end*,' and '*perfection of all*.'—'*My son give me thy heart*'—'*God is love*'—*He that walketh in love, walketh in God*.'

Now, to come to the point, can any man *walk with God* and yet get drunk? Can we suppose that the Angels ever get drunk? Nay, did those, who on earth most resembled Angels, did Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Rush, Benezet, ever get drunk? No. Men get drunk *to drown sorrow*; but those worthies were not of the family of the sorrowful. Paupers, with no better wealth than gold and silver in their strong boxes, may be sorrowful; starvelings, with no richer robes than purple and fine linen on their backs, may be sorrowful; ignoramuses, with no higher sciences than Law, Physic, and Divinity *in* their heads, may be sorrowful; joy-fevered drawers of prizes in lotteries, and sweepers of stakes at faro banks may be sorrowful; these, and such like pleasure faced, but heart-pained pretenders, may be sorrowful and get drunk, but the true sons of joy, the Washingtons and Franklins of REASON, LIBERTY, and VIRTUE, breathing the same spirit with God, '*fervent in charity*,' '*diligent in business*,' useful in life, and even in death praying for UNION and BROTHERLY LOVE among their countrymen; could they, drinking such nectar as this, have any need of whiskey?—Alas! if so, then virtue indeed were an *empty name*.

From this, O parent, you may form some idea of the plan of educating your son, in order to preserve him from drunkenness.

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His danger arises from the excellencies of his nature, from the vast range of pleasures of which he is capable, and from the probability that you will never meet him, at all points, with blessings equal to his wants. If you stop at the FIRST or ANIMAL part of his nature, your son is pretty certainly a child of perdition; if you stop at the SECOND or INTELLECTUAL part, his case is but little better; and if you stop in the THIRD or MORAL part, at zeal, faith and hope, yet even these, how splendid soever they may seem, '*will profit him nothing:*' there is still a void in his heart, room abundant for *sorrow;* and the devil cutting in with his eternal foe, aided by strong drink, may for ever ruin your son, unless you timely prevent it by leading him to that which at once cures both sorrow and drunkenness, I mean LOVE. O, admirable goodness, of God, which thus gives assurance that our sons shall never be Drunkards, provided we will but make them happy. And O, equal cause of gratitude, that against a disease so odious, so divine a remedy should be prescribed, thus admirably exhausting the fountain by stopping what alone supplies it, the streams of SORROW.

EXAMPLES.

1st. Idleness is sorrow, and breeds Drunkards as naturally as stagnant water breeds bull-frogs. But the children of love are never idlers. No matter how great their wealth or how high their rank, they are always industrious. That excellent Queen, Penelope, was a Weaver; the daughters of the noble Emperor Augustus, were Milliners; Peter the Great, was a shipwright; Franklin, a Printer; Cincinnatus, a ploughman; and our greater Cincinnatus, Washington, a Farmer. And no wonder, though they lacked no food and raiment for *themselves*, that they should toil so diligently; there were those who lacked these comforts. And to see the fatherless and motherless well fed, warm clothed, and hastening with smiles to school for the blessings of education, was to them a luxury which well repaid their labours.

But those who feel not this love, and therefore are lacking of this best excitement to industry, too often saunter to the market places and corners of the streets, where sometimes they wrangle about politics, and sometimes they fight, but oftener get to gambling--- '*come who'll take a hit at back gammon? Plague on it, can't we make a party at whist, or all fours?*' Thus idleness leads to gambling, gambling to losses, losses to *sorrow*, and sorrow to drunkenness and ruin. In this way thousands of young men of the first families and fortunes are annually brought to an early dunghill, a whipping-post or gallows, and thence, in their last moments, look back with curses on their cruel parents for not bringing them up to the joys of honest industry.

2d. Ignorance is sorrow, and has emptied many a rum hogshead. But the children of love are never ignorant, if they can help it. Mark even the negro, who, by religion, has become a child of love; immediately manifests a surprising passion for knowledge. '*He*

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would give any thing to learn to read;' he thinks nothing of walking a dozen miles to sermon, commits to memory and sings hymns and spiritual songs without number, and gladly sits up half the night to hear the preachers talk about God and Heaven, and those great truths which raise the heart above the sorrows of this mortal life. But the young gentleman who possesses not this love, no matter how much silk and broad cloth he carries upon his back, shows a strange dislike to knowledge, and wilfully continues in ignorance, which, when he grows up, proves so irksome as often to drive him to the bottle.

'*Well, Major*, I've just given my son Tom a thousand acres of my rich Savannah Rice swamps, and a hundred negroes; what are you going to give *your son* Jack?' Thus spoke one of the wealthiest men of the Southern states to his intimate friend Major B——.

'Why, sir,' replied the major, blushing, 'I can't do any thing like that for Jack. I have just brought him through his college and law studies, and given him some books and a good horse, which is all that I can do—with such wings to his side, if he be the bird that I hope, he will soar and do all the rest for himself.' Most parents would have preferred Tom's chance, the thousand acres and negroes; but what says the issue? Why, destitute of those pleasures which spring from good education; destitute of the means of entertaining himself when alone, and of shining when in company; nay, finding himself denied the respect due to his wealth, often quizzed by the young fellows, and even giggled at by the girls, poor Tom has fallen into the hypo, and in spite of all his lands and negroes, is killing himself very fast with whiskey. While young Jack, diligently improving his talents and education, soon drew upon himself the notice of the public; and now, besides a handsome fortune, the pleasant reward of ten years' industry, he is married to an heiress, drinks his Madeira, rides in his coach, sits on the bench a Judge of one of the Circuits, and, as a natural consequence, feels the swell of such an honest pride, that he would as soon be caught with stolen goods, as be seen staggering away under a gale of whiskey.

In short, there is not a sorrow of the heart, leading men to drunkenness, which would not find a most complete and pleasant cure in LOVE. Does a man in a passion with his neighbour, fly to *law*, and thence, from loss of time, neglect of business, absence from his family, expense at taverns, fees to lawyers, costs of witness, and so on, get low spirited and *learn to drink?*'—How certainly would love have preserved him from all this? Had he but '*loved* his GOD,' how sweetly would have sounded that voice—'*why do you go to law at all?*' and had he but '*loved his neighbour as himself*,' how cheerfully would he have given him a part of the goods in question, by a *generous compromise*, rather than furiously tear all from him in a way so hazardous to his own property, and so utterly ruinous to his temper and morals?

But love would not only thus prove our own best surety against drunkenness, it would also render us brave guardians of others.

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For example, if a man had but this divine charity he would never incur that dreadful threat, '*wo be to him who putteth his bottle to his neighbour!*'

Poor Mrs. C—l, Maryland!—one of her neighbours, a cruel unnatural mother, by smoking and drinking, when she ought to have been cheerfully weaving or working in her cornfield, brought three little children to nakedness and starving. One day, about twelve o'clock, leaving her children, who had been crying for bread all the morning, she went over to Mrs. C—l's for corn. The good lady ordered her some *meal* and *something to drink*—she lights her pipe, and sits down—By and bye dinner is sent her, and another cup of '*something to drink*'—she continues to *smoke* and *sip*. Her children, after much bitter crying and looking for their mother, and no longer able to endure the gnawings of cruel hunger, set out by themselves, poor little creatures! to follow her. The evening was bitter cold, the snow began to fall, their infant heads had no covering, and their trembling bodies only a short ragged shift. Let the Legislator, or the Magistrate, especially if he be a *parent*, let him look at these three poor babes, the eldest only six, and the youngest but three years old, and he will surely mingle his tears with their's, as pale and famished, and with naked feet, they cry along the frozen road in search of their mother. Having crossed a dangerous stream, they take a wrong course, the snow being on the ground, and lose themselves in a dark woods—ah! never to return!

Their mother, half drunk, reels home with her meal. The cabin is empty!—she calls aloud for her children, but hears only the echo

of her own sad voice—She shrieks and howls—the neighbours are alarmed: but it is too late to make any search for them that night. Early in the morning, the children are pursued by their track, and found locked in each other's cold embraces, with marble cheeks and

lips closely pressed together. As they could not be separated without violence, they were placed, by their weeping neighbours in one grave; that, having suffered so much together in life, they might sweetly rest together in death, 'till that great morning comes when joyful angels shall wake them up to cry of cold and hunger no more. But poor Mrs. C. never talks of them to this day, but with tears—'*Oh to think*,' as she says, 'that she should ever have had any hand *in the murder of those poor babes*.'

If CANDIDATES for public offices did but possess this divine charity, they would abhor the thought of getting their neighbour's vote by such barbarous means as TREATING. At a late entertainment of this sort, several persons, as usual, got drunk. One of the unfortunate wretches going home had his brains dashed out by his horse; and a second crossing a deep creek in the night, fell in and was drowned. Both left families.

If the friends of those wretched ones, who are addicted to strong drink, did but *love* them more, they might often save them from utter ruin. I once knew a young lady, who, to increase her vivacity in conversation, used to take a small dose of laudanum whenever she was going into company. This most imprudent practice soon produced a lowness of spirits which gradually led her to the brandy bottle!!! An aunt, who lived at a distance, hearing of her niece's folly, came in her carriage and took her off home with her. Ardent spirits were carefully kept from the niece, but the weakness of her stomach, and its cravings for stimulus, were affectionately attended to, and in part relieved by nice soups, hot coffee, and a little generous wine. The hopes of the good aunt were chiefly, however, placed in constantly diverting the mind of her niece with a variety of the best company and of the choicest books, sweetened at all times with her own most endearing attentions and conversation. This affectionate regimen completely succeeded: and the young lady is now a happy married woman, and mother of several fine children. Thus, by an act of GODLIKE CHARITY, this excellent aunt preserved, from early infamy and ruin, a beloved niece, and has thereby excited in the bosom of that niece, and in her own bosom, also, those joys which, besides sweetening their present society, will hereafter shine out in all the transports of an immortal friendship. How different, both in behaviour and reward, from those, who, (lacking this divine charity) can treat a brother, that's overtaken by drunkenness with such cruel scorn as shall drive him to swifter desperation and ruin!

And lately, in the neighbourhood of Newbern, North Carolina, an amiable youth, after much bitter weeping and praying because of his father's frequent intemperance, bought a '*new Whole Duty of Man*,' and sent it to him. Coming from a dear child, the old gentleman received the book with great pleasure and promised to read it. On going through the chapter on drunkenness, he was so affected that he burst into tears. By means of frequent prayer, good company, books, &c. &c., the old gentleman is become again a perfectly sober and respectable character, to the infinite joy of his son, and of all who loved him.

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And if the preachers of the gospel, who now save so many from drunkenness, did but still love more, they would still save more. The coal-diggers, in the year 1740, for drunkenness, *were sinners above all men that dwelt in England;* and for rags and red faces, for fightings and cursings, with cries of naked children for bread, and sighs of sad visaged mothers, the place was a strong picture of hell. *Drawn by the chords of love*, good old Mr. Wesley hastened to preach the gospel to them. In all their rags and dirt, and wo-harrowed looks, they assembled themselves to hear him. To see thousands of deathless souls thus brutalized by drunkenness, so affected the man of God, that he burst into tears. They were equally affected to see him weeping for them, who had never wept for themselves. The scene, though silent, was impressive; but far more so, when, with eyes of melting pity and all the earnestness of love, he painted the sins and miseries of their ruined state. His voice was soon drowned in their louder sobs. '*What shall we do to be saved*,' was the universal cry. In short the mass of these poor people, with but few exceptions, became truly devout. Instantly their drunken habits disappeared, and with them every vestige of their former shame and misery. Rags gave place to goodly garments. Bread was seen and to spare, among the cheerful children. The looks of the mothers were bright with joy; while the faces of the men, late deformed with *drunken fury*, now wore that heavenly calm which conscious peace with God always inspires.

Could millions of *wrangling* sermons on INFANT BAPTISM, or ADULT BAPTISM, on FREEWILL or ELECTION, have produced the good of this one, on 'Repentance and *Faith working by Love?*'

And O, if the souls of Legislators and Magistrates were but filled with this divine charity, how speedily would they rid their country of drunkenness! And surely never did their country implore their aid against so fell a foe. This, beyond doubt, is the Apollyon or the Grand Destroyer of the Land, in all its dearest interests, its POPULATION, its GENIUS, its HEALTH, its WEALTH, its MORALS, and whatever, in conjunction with a free government, would exalt our country to the first rank among the nations. Then rise, O ye Legislators and Magistrates, ye delegated Guardians of your country, rise, and '*play the men for your God and for the cities of your people.*' What forbids your success in this Godlike undertaking? Other Legislators and Magistrates have wonderfully succeeded in repelling the curses of drunkenness from their countries. The English, formerly, were excessive drunkards, insomuch, that in the reign of George the *First*, according to their own history, it was common to see the following notice over the doors of their gin shops.

Drunk here for a penny,
Dead drunk for two pence,
And straw for nothing.

But alarmed at the horrid flood of drunkenness threatening to

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ruin the nation, the ministry, to their immortal honour, imposed a duty of 8*s.* 6*d.* sterling (nearly $2) on every gallon of ardent spirits used in the country. The people, no longer able to drink their *fiery, thirst-kindling drams and grog*, instantly substituted foaming pots of cooling porter, ale, and beer; hence drunkenness is rarely seen in the streets of London.

The Russians, too, about the same time, carried *gin drinking* to such excess, that even in Petersburgh, the following notices, in large letters, was pasted up in their ball rooms—NO MAN SHALL GET DRUNK AND BEAT HIS WIFE HERE BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK. Government laid a heavy hand upon gin. And the Russians, getting clear of drunkenness, are of course getting clear of most of their ancient barbarisms.

The public manners in Savannah, Georgia, were so demoralized by whiskey, that so late as twenty years ago, a learned judge was caned and kicked from the Court-house door to his own lodgings, the red faced populace looking on the while, and grinning like monkeys!! The corporation laid a tax of $100 a year on the grog shop licenses, and Savannah is now very little behind Philadelphia in temperance and decency.

In New England too, drunkenness was formerly a very common sin. But those wise and brave republicans, roused by its accursed effects on the health, wealth, population, and morals of their citizens, nobly laid the axe to its root. They imposed heavy fines on drunkenness—they instituted severe penalties against those who sold whiskey to such as had already drank freely; and after the third offence they took his estate from the *drunkard*, as from a *lunatic*, and put it into the hands of trustees for the benefit of his wife and children. By such merciful severities they have nearly driven this detestable sin out of their country. Ye Legislators and Magistrates of the Sister States, when will ye '*go and do likewise?*' Never had the representatives of a free people such powerful motives to duty. Consider the glorious liberty which you will thereby secure to the people. You would freely vote for millions to save them from British impressment and from Algerine slavery; but what impressment, what bondage is like that of drunkenness? You would give millions to guard the frontiers against the Indian tomahawk and scalping knife; but what are the ravages of these bloody instruments, compared to the ravages of whiskey, which, in a single year, destroys not fewer than *thirty thousand* of our citizens? You would thank a financier to point out a good article for revenue; what on earth can equal whiskey? At the lowest estimate there must be a hundred thousand drunkards in our country; were these all heavily fined, as in New England, for every offence—*Two thousand grog-shops, in the city of New York alone;* and in the same proportion, no doubt, in all other towns; were these taxed, as in Savannah, *one hundred dollars;*—Twenty-five millions of gallons of whiskey and brandy, annually distilled and consumed in the United States; were these taxed as in Great Britain, 8*s.* 6*d. sterling* per gallon—

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What a REVENUE for the hand of an enlightened Legislature to scatter, in blessings, through the land!—improving the canals and roads—encouraging the arts and sciences—multiplying churches and free schools—and thus rendering our country, both for conveniences and pleasures, the delight and glory of the earth. These, O Legislators, are some of those IMMORTAL services which you may now render your country, by suppressing one of its most *mortal vices!* Here, then, is a charity, the noblest to which a Legislative body were ever invited. A charity delicious as heaven to virtuous bosoms even while performing it; and lasting as eternity itself, in its effects on the delighted recollection; and a charity too, whose final reward must beggar all description. For if Republican Rome adjudged a *civic crown* to him who saved the life of but a single citizen, O what manner of crowns will God bestow on those who shall save the THOUSANDS that annually perish by drunkenness?

O who, then, among you, will rise up for God against this accursed sin, which, of all others, he most abhors, because most dishonourable and destructive to his creatures. Oh, could we but bring before you, as supplicants for your pity, vengeance against drunkenness, all those wretched beings (both man and beast) who have suffered and perished by this *licensed* Devil; could we but point you to those myriads of starved animals, pawing, of cruel hunger, at the tavern racks, while their owners are as tormentedly roaring and raving with strong drink; could we but point you to those wretched *raw-boned* flocks and herds, robbed (for cursed *Whiskey's sake!*) of their fodder and corn, standing in shivering groups in the fence corners, bleating and lowing, unpitied, beneath the pelting storm—could we but point you to those broken-hearted mothers, with their pale, hollow-eyed children, naked and crying for bread, while their fathers are guzzling their substance at the grog shop; and ah! could we but point to those distracted crowds in the Court-house yard, the horse-race or cock-fight, in all their blood-red faces, and glaring eye-balls, rushing on each other to mutual wounds and death, thereby multiplying wretched widows and orphans, and spreading mortal hatreds among families—could these things, in their proper colours, be set before you, YE HONOURED LEGISLATORS and MAGISTRATES, they could not fail to rouse your utmost vengeance against their abhorred source. And, armed as you are, with the whole artillery of the laws, your honest vengeance would not long be in vain. Drunkenness, *affrighted*, would soon hide its accursed head; RESPECTFUL TEMPERANCE would quickly re-appear, and in her train all the virtues tending to individual honour and domestic peace. Husbands and wives, fathers and sons, no longer injured, or injuring one another, would soon feel again the pleasant glow of mutual esteem and love.—Precious time and talents, so long misspent, would be improved with happiest effect.—The tear would be wiped from all eyes, and joy expand itself in smiles over every face, while general INDUSTRY, and SCIENCE, MORALS AND RELIGION, filling the land with blessings, would cause "*the wilderness to blos-*

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som like the rose, and the desert to rejoice like the garden of God." Legislators and Magistrates, YE LAST PILLARS of our hope, think of the glory of thus identifying yourselves with God in the diffusion of HAPPINESS, and seize the present moment to BLESS MANKIND.

THE END.

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